

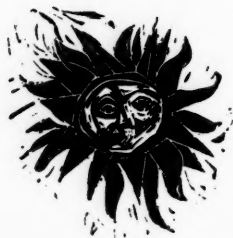
# renaissance



75 cents

the poets rebelled and wrote it with a  
small "g". but no one heard. and so  
the poets again rebelled and wrote it  
with no "g" at all. in the beginning  
od created the heavens and the earth.  
now the people heard. and they wrote  
it with a large "O".

john bryan  
michael o'donoghue



# ...contents

volume one.....number one

cover by mel fowler	
statement...inside cover	
night city (poetry by jack micheline)	2
to dwell in zo'ar (drama by michael o'donoghue)	3-14
(art by michael fender)	
woodcut by mel fowler	15
three poems by vassar miller	16-17
their mouths no longer drink (prose by grover lewis)	18-59
(art by carla lopez)	
talking riot blues (folk song by albert lannon jr.)	40-41
lover (poetry by vivian ayers)	59
no more dimension (poetry by marjorie farber)	60
cash wednesday (poetry by carl larsen)	61
the laughter-filled room (poetry by donald johnson)	61
paradise lost (poetry by b.z. wilkinson)	62
lightnin' (essay by john bryan)	63-64
(art by bill bates)	
self portrait by benny bufano	65
tribute 3: to laura (poetry by william corrington)	66
preface a mon fils (poetry by jory sherman)	67
collage (art and prose by bruce conner)	68-70
drawing by benny bufano	71
regensis (poetry by bruce woodford)	72
the way to review a play etc.	
(poetry by charles bukowski)	73
come in (prose by charles mitchell)	74-76
(art by margaret pow-le seigneur)	
how it's done (poetry by dave meltzer)	77
early st. francis by benny bufano	78
notes on contributors	79-80
the rivals (poetry by george hitchcock)	
...inside back cover	

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# night city

for Dylan Thomas

Above the sounds  
dark cities  
lie in shadows  
foghorns blast in silence  
Prayers of lost children  
By light of mountains  
Darkness to light  
light to darkness  
I stand looking  
down at the city  
Steeple rise in magic shapes  
A giant stalks  
in the night of dreamers  
black tar of life  
in water tower  
sky of cities  
rooftops link  
the nights of cries  
arcs of bridges  
cover the river  
steam white crosses  
illuminate the eye  
Black tar of loneliness  
Billboards neon red  
Buildings stand and fall  
but man remains  
Like dying timbers  
in a forest  
man remains  
On a whorehouse stairway  
to the moon

Three empty wine bottles  
stand  
Nuns  
Vipers  
Holy Mary face  
that is not yours  
But you are all  
Madness of poets  
King Majesty  
drunk with awe  
Quiet, tired, restless city,  
Black tar in the night.  
Black tar in the night.

Jack Micheline





## to dwell in zo'ar

Setting: The store-  
celler of an older home.  
Trunks, boxes, and oc-  
casional paper bundles  
dominate the stage, lin-  
ing the walls and extend-  
ing onto the floor. An  
imposing example of mar-  
cescent flora has been  
placed at the center of  
the back wall, dividing  
the set into two equal ar-  
eas. Objects of similar  
mass radiate at equal dis-  
tances from the plant, af-  
fecting a vague symmetry;  
unity framing disorder.  
A black horsehair sofa  
(center right) equates a  
massive steamer trunk  
(center left), boxes stack-  
ed against the wall (up

right) balance a half-draped Victorian hall mirror (up left), cellar windows evenly space the back wall. Fuse boxes, gas meters, water pipes, and a door (down left), serve to confuse this order, as do the trunks, boxes, and occasional paper bundles.

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Characters: Boy - Thin, aesthetic appearance, bordering upon fragility. Does not comply physically to his fifteen years. Hair messed. His arm has been amputated four inches above the right elbow; his face scared and distorted on that same side. Dressed simply, as a student might appear.

Man - Average height, slightly obese but maintaining an aura of largeness or solidity overshadowing any obesity. Has square steel-rimmed glasses, hair turning grey, dressed severely in black suit. His features are broad and very ugly.

§

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Note: Colours in both set and costume consist of only black, grey, and brown



(The stage is a room of darkness, save for a dull and feeble backlight permitted by the up windows. One may barely discern the tense figure of the boy, seated upon the sofa. Footsteps descend a stairway, the door opens,

and the man stands in the warm light of the hall-well, silently surveying the dark. After what would seem a considerable lapse of time he enters, snaps on the light, and turning his back on the boy, removes a folder of box-papers, proceeding briskly and disinterestedly, to sort them.

Man: Quiet again, I see. (Listens for reply, then looks for reaction. Boy remains silent, without expression. Returns to papers. Suddenly flings them aside, spins about, and advances toward boy, stopping abruptly, as if by afterthought, in front of plant.) Eyes still red. Don't cover them. Or can't you bear the shame, the betrayal of your precious masculinity. It's so feminine to cry... Isn't it? Won't talk? Can't talk. Hoarse from all that screaming. Pity. One can't carry on as you did and not expect to strain one's voice. But you're quiet now. I shouldn't expect much more. (Starts to cross toward boy.)

Boy: I -

Man: (Still standing before plant.) Do you believe -

Boy: I want to go home.

Man: (Short pause.) Do you believe that you're mature, let me say...stable, enough to remain that way.....quiet, I mean?

Boy: I want -

Man: Look, you ugly little bastard. I'm on the other half of the room. (Moves backward toward trunk.) A good twenty--twenty-five feet away. And I'll stay here. My little student is safe. See, I can't even get near you. (Extends arm for emphasis.) And, if I should cross, let us say...the diffinbachia philodendron (indicates plant), as an arbitrary boundary; if I should cross that...

then you have my complete permission to scream your filthy head off, even louder than before. (Boy stands to leave.) Stop. Just stop. Before you -

Boy: What do you want?

Man: To hurt you. (Boy stares at him, then sits down.) Rather fascinates you doesn't it? How I can hurt you and still be this far away. (Short pause.)

Boy: If you touch me -

Man: I want...I want to strip you of your childhood, ..to castrate your youth. I want..to impregnate the anxieties of adolescence...and watch the virgin blood, ..clot into fear.....  
..(Smiles), I want to strip....They sleep better now. Ever since the day I decided to become a miserable botany teacher they all rest easier...Baudelaire..Verlaine..Rimbaud..

Boy: It wasn't right. I'm not like that.

Man: Apollinaire..

Boy: You were my teacher. I believed in you, and it wasn't right for you to try to, ..to try and, make love -

Man: Naiveté metamorphosizes. Really, at your age it becomes mere stupidity. (Nods to himself, a short pause.) So I attempted to seduce you and you..it really is. It really is a blessing no one summoned the authorities.... You assume, or appear as if you did anyway, that my maintaining of special interest in you rested upon some superior intelligence on your part. Or perhaps that I am..stimulated, by your exhausting curiosity...perhaps that.....And I'm positive you think I revel in those myriads of extra papers submitted about some weeds you dragged out of god-knows-where. Am I correct here?...In being that positive? Well, am I? Answer me.

Boy: You seemed -

Man: I seemed to encourage you, to put you above your classmates, is that it? (Pause.) Now I shan't lose my temper..This whole thing is quite silly. Haven't I been a good friend to you? Always? Haven't I? Really, that a grown lad of, what is it, fifteen...that a young man of your age...would not be aware... And then, after I, who have always gone out of my way to help you, after I asked you to become better friends and merely stroked your hair or something like that, then you launch into this hideous tantrum, yell all sorts of beastly things and race all about the house...And what if the people next door had heard? What then? If you didn't like what I had said or done you should have told me so. We could have worked it out. (Laughs), I think you frightened my poor Mynah bird partly to death. (Laughs again. Boy laughs.) He'll probably keep squawking all week: (Imitating bird), "Please get your hands off me, please sir. Don't touch me. Don't touch me you dirty old man." Poor bird. (Laughs, boy smiles nervously.) Oh...I don't know what we're going to do with you. Dirty old man, indeed...indeed.. Did



you enjoy my phrase about childhood, castrating youth etc. Objectively. I mean not directed at you but for their own sake, just as phrases.

Boy: Yes sir...I suppose I did.

Man: You really did?

Boy: Yes sir. I didn't quite understand them.

Man: But you liked them.

Boy: Yes.

Man: Then why didn't you applaud? (Laughs heartily, boy flushes.) But that's neither here nor there. I don't buy the book

for the binding, so as to speak. And I like you. That you got scorched a bit in some fire doesn't...What do your classmates call you?...Half-baked?..Yes. Children can be so cruel. However, I consider one's physical appearance irrelevant..... You're quite an intelligent young man...aren't you? No need for modesty with me. I've graded your papers eight months now and never a bad one. Always the consistently fine performance. Received an "A" on that last one. (Boy nods.) You enjoy botany, don't you?

Boy: Very much.

Man: And mentioned further study, perhaps culminating in a profession.

Boy: It's what I hope for.

Man: And I can help you. I could give you an excellent recommendation. Well I could and then I couldn't. I could because I like you, and I couldn't because you're stupid as a cow and deserved none of those good marks.

Boy: That's not -

Man: I gave you every one.

Boy: No.

Man: I wanted you. Only because I wanted you.

Boy: No, it's not -

Man: That fire burnt your mind. Charred, and face dripping -

Boy: No. Please -

Man: Your mother spits on you. Your mother spits on you and you try to kiss her with a mouth full of wet dreams but she spits on you laughs because elbows can't masturbate and you writhing

in the sweet yellow bed water of pubic darkness warm sweat stench streams down your sticky thighs to ebb within the warped womb of deformity obscene quivering ripens until the moist loins throb and pulsating stagnant - (Boy screams.) Unfair. I didn't cross the line. I didn't cross the line. (A silence, man commences to laugh softly.) ..You may leave now.....Dismissed..... (Boy laughs with him, man becomes abruptly silent.) Stop. Stop it this instant. You can't laugh.....You're not..supposed to laugh.

Boy: Why?

Man: Because you're not laughing at the right things.

Boy: The right things... If I'm everything you say, stupid and ugly, no one likes me, if I'm all this, what else have I to do but laugh.

Man: One doesn't laugh at himself...One laughs at what made him this way.

Boy: I know why.

Man: Indeed.

Boy: Why you can't laugh. You're ugly inside.

Man: A grotesque liver perhaps.

Boy: You called me ugly but you're uglier than I am. Old and uglier. I'm only on the outside but you're ugly all over. You're old and it's all inside you and you can't get it out. You can't get it out ever.

Man: And you think you'll be any different at my age?

Boy: I won't be like you.

Man: Do you think you'll be different?

Boy: Yes.

Man: Do you?

Boy: Not like you.

Man: What will you be like? No, look at me. Just what will you be?

Boy: I can laugh.

Man: Yes...yes, you can laugh. But the joke..the joke grows stale, and the teller, weary. Quite weary. Then one waits. In the hills he waits, as I do. And as you will too.

Boy: I don't understand.

Man: Unfortunately, it is not required that you understand. (Crosses to boy and sits beside him. Boy begins crying.) Don't. (Strokes boy's head and arms.) Don't cry. Come now. Only men can displace beauty with logic.

Boy: (Still crying), Or with love? (Man, staring at boy, stands and crosses to trunk. With sudden energy and violence he strikes the trunk-top with his fists.) ...I thought that you would say it was beautiful.

Man: What's that?

Boy: I thought you'd make it beautiful.

Man: The Greeks?.....Of course, those poor dishonoured Greeks. We've made them champions of our unnatural lives and will not let them die. They're forced to fight our battles, as we...we have not the strength ourselves. Thermopylae lies flat and dusty now. But it is not like this and never was. No Achilles. No Petroculus. No candlelightechoing upon bronze bodies and the smell of eucalyptus. Nothing. Nothing but what is, or what was; now or then, Greek or what-have-you, man..



or woman, it matters little for love is all the same. They crawl, and moan, and squat, and lick parts that are normally wiped, and rub themselves together until they finally dirty the mattress. All for that last convulsion, when, for just an instant, one forgets what a nasty little animal he is. The poets, they say it's like the sea...say it's like the sea.



Boy: There must be more.

Man: Nausea?

Boy: No. More.

Man: Guilt?

Boy: More than that.  
Much more.

Man: Not much more can live in the stench of human sweat.

Boy: Where then? Where does it live?

Man: No. Not in that room. Not there. Where? Where. Perhaps...perhaps before. Yes surely it lives before, lives in the trust of submitting to a common denouement...and after...also after...with the abdication of shame.

Boy: Is beauty there?

Man: Is beauty where?

Boy: After, and before.

Man: It's all there. Beauty, faith, courage, truth...truth.. and even faith. But only -

Boy: Yet these things, courage and beauty, these wonderful things...They're only for those few moments, only...only those few moments.

Man: (Laughing), Yes.

Boy: And that's all?

Man: Yes.

Boy: Only just for -

Man: Those few moments. Yes. (A pause.)

Boy: Maybe I had better -

Man: Of course, we mustn't worry your..parents. (Boy gathers his coat and books.) Wait. (Seizes boy's wrist.) For a moment, wait. Please. (Releases wrist.) I'm...sorry, very sorry.

Boy: Why?

Man: For tonight, what has happened here. All the things I told you about love and before and after, and truth only existing then. These things were wrong. Well, they were right but they were also wrong.. ..Look. What I said was right but I didn't say enough, I didn't say all that should be said, that is what was wrong. The poets-

Boy: The poets lied.

Man: The poets lie, but, sometimes, they lie so well... They sometimes lie so well that one forgets, forgets they're lying.

Boy: I think I see.



Man: And the acts of love...they can be like the sea, the sea or a leaf or anything you like.

Boy: Sometimes.

Man: Sometimes. But one can't...you can't expect too much more. One has to know the cold to feel the warmth. In the sea -

Boy: The poet's sea?

Man: Anyone's sea. In the sea live starfish... (He laughs, boy laughs.) This may sound a bit silly but bear with me. (Almost laughs again.) Anyway, starfish live in the sea and when they lose an arm they grow it back. And - (Boy abandons cheerful mood, assuming hurt, cold countenance.) They live in the sea and they grow back arms. Regeneration, it's called. To grow back arms is hard. It takes a lot of imagination. A lot. But starfish have it and do it every day. Oh, I will admit there are a few starfish that couldn't make it. Maybe more than a few. They float about with half-formed arms, or even three-quarter - ...Anyway..that's the way it is with starfish.

Boy: Starfish are the only real poets.

Man: The only consistent ones anyway.

Boy: And if I tried hard, like the starfish, I could grow back an arm. Only sometimes I know, but anyway, sometimes.

Man: Maybe three or four.

Boy: Or five.

Man: Or five. Yes even five...Any more and you'll have diminishing returns. I believe now you really should be going.

Boy: We mustn't worry my parents?

Man: Precisely.

Boy: (Gathers his articles and crosses to door.) Sir. Sir, you knew this. About the poets..

Man: (Smiling),..If I knew, why have I failed to live it,..rather to employ this knowledge. (Boy nods.) Because I've always dealt with words and never soul.

Boy: Is that all?

Man: No. No, that's hardly it. But you haven't understood what I just said.

Boy: No, I didn't.

Man: Good, I was hoping not. ...Then let's leave it at that.

Boy: And I should be home.

Man: Yes. (Boy reluctantly exits. Man commences re-sorting papers he had previously flung aside, gradually ceasing movement.) I want to garb you in your childhood, to augment your youth. I want to sterilize the perversity of age.....and hear the jaded blood melt into snow. (Short pause.) What a charming sequel. (Returns to papers.)

\* slow curtain \*

michael o'donoghue



# ...three poems

by vassar miller

## the tree of silence

For Nancy

Upon the branches of our silence hang our words,  
Half-ripened fruit.  
Gone are the months of silence, gone  
Beyond pursuit.  
Let us leave, though pinched and wan,  
The windfalls wither  
Under the tree whose shade affords  
No shelter either.

For when was language ever food for human yearning!  
Sun-gilded rain  
Mocking the sheen of golden peach,  
Words only drain  
Hearts of strength; let human speech  
Make time and way  
For life, the long and lonely learning  
How to pray.

# fulfillment

Sitting in the disorder of my silence,  
Fingering first this fantasy and that,  
Having scant room for practicing the balance  
Of prayer, making a labor of delight,  
Scrabbling within myself for space to kneel,  
I pick up whims more tenuous than hair,  
Threads of a hope or fragments of a fear  
When--as a mother gives her child some chore  
To do, and, having watched him fret and frown,  
Pauses beside him after the long hour  
To guide his hand a moment with her own--  
From cluttered void God plucks my mind sweat-sodden  
Into His hush all of a gracious sudden.

# in consolation

Do I love you? The question might be well  
Rephrased, What do I love? Your face?  
Suppose it twisted to a charred grimace?  
Your mind? But if it turned hospital cell,  
Though pity for its inmate might compel  
Sick calls from time to time, I should embrace  
A staring stranger whom I could not place.  
So, cease demanding what I cannot tell  
Till He who made you shows me where He keeps you,  
And not some shadow of you I pursue  
And, having found, have only flushed a wraith.  
Nor am I Christ to cleave the dark that steeps you.  
He loves you then, not I-- Or if I do,  
I love you only by an act of faith.

their mouths





...renaissance is a san francisco quarterly edited by two young writers who are doing what they damn well feel like.

both believe that a literary and art quarterly is needed which selects material equally on the basis of drive and originality as well as stylistic maturity.

they're also looking forward to doing a lot of things untried to date in writing, art and layout.

they're not looking for "names" per se, but if the stuff's good, ok.

writing which swings in the same way a solid jazz performance does is especially welcome.

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well nmbb yant qmib poib at whw haw

...been a viewpoint among some scholars that the...  
...and off quality is needed...  
...on the basis of drive...  
...as well as...  
...as well as...

...to do a lot of things  
...and to do a lot of things

...but if the

...and we are warmly and cordially welcome.



...for one year...

\*\*\*\*\*

# no longer drink

Once there was an old man  
Whose treasure, whose treasure  
Nine sons fair and sturdy was.  
Naught of work he taught them,  
Neither trade nor farming,  
But only to wander  
As huntsmen a-hunting.  
On and on they wandered --  
All were changed to stags, then,  
There in the forest shadows.  
And so their antlers  
Cannot pass through doorways --  
Only roam the forest groves;  
Ne'er in clothes can wander --  
Their slender bodies  
Only wear the wind and sun;  
Their....legs  
Can never stand the hearth-stone --  
Only tread the leafy mold;  
Their mouths no longer drink  
From crystal glasses --  
Only from cooling mountain springs.

Bartok "Cantata Profana"

**S**o it fell that I sat there with my mouth pouted out, thinking on Chaim's evil little Grimmo-stare always following him around, and there would be moments when I would imagine I could see it too, gaping out of the cracked mirror or around a chair leg, a blue blob of a body and a sneering hipster's face, high and mean; and it fell too that I kept cutting classes, waiting, but nothing would happen ex-

cept sleep and hunger, fullness and waking, digging old Chester Morris movies on the rented television; finally, I forgot Chaim, but I saved the image and ghost of the Grimmo; we shared the pad, and all I could do was sit and breathe fast in a sad old turtleneck raveling at the wrist. After Chester Morris came Bob Steele, ferretfaced and slim and hard as an axe handle; always at the end, in the showdown when steely Bob chased the badman around and around the same sleezy rock, I would salivate like some stray Pavlovian mutt wandered into a Chinese gong factory. And one day, when some certain indeterminate time like forty days had passed, I sold my newsmell textbooks for somewhere under half what they were worth, a ridiculous and puzzling sum, and bought an armload of wine and Russian rye and gouda, and began to brood. I felt like Dostoievsky, cramped into that scroungy pad; elaborating the fantasy, I had four or five kids, all with runny noses and pellagra and maybe anthrax, and a pecking, birdy, harelipped wife whining. Okay, okay, I would think, sure, forget it. But I would wake another day, sometimes in the chair in the thin sun-split gloom, with a foul mouth and a clear mind; I was only waiting for the rent to be up anyway--forget it.

On the last night of the last day, I packed my B-4 bag. In the midst of the litter, it was bulging and meaningful giving off sharp little images of trains and grimy busses and pickups and the hairy sound of a Ferrari splitting the desert night roads; across the spermy land spreadeagled under the lowering hunching sky like a rape victim, the busses and trains full of asking wanderers who were leaving the grinch of the newspaper dirty stations, cleaving out into the dark highways like pachuco sleeve knives searching for a nerve, past the old whore theaters shut down with a rag of sign saying no more Saturday cheer; no more popcorn and gloom and coitus of wonder and thrill at the cowboys and tough guys and Cary Grants in soup and fish that taught you how to dream. They would accelerate past the lone beatup Fords in the stained lot of the too-late drive-ins, catching a note of nasal hillbilly juke and some decibels of a girl's laughter from the backseat of the car who had finally made up her infinitesimal mind to let him do it tonight if it made that much dif-



ference. The busses and trains were heading for Detroit and for Seattle and Houston, and in the stiffbacked lightsealed day cars or on a silent bus dim except for the restless I-can't-sleep blobs of light scattered fitfully down the aisle, thirty miles to Texarkana, curled up like a ball of steel wool, mouth slitted even in sleep, black carhop slacks and a checkered shirt, a workmanlike tooled belt, cut down, the only memento of some long

ago shack with someone she could not even remember when she looked unseeing at the engraved name, "Sam" or "Bogan" or "William (Bill) Greers" or some such; part of the helplessly exposed history of the tender sleeper breathing evenly, a girl, hard from the sear of textiles in Huntsville or slinging hash or clerking the candy counter in the five and dime; only peddling it when she had to, to go see her Daddy-Daddy in the Place, or make the next jump in the compulsive odyssey. A girl; this hard evil hip chick; and she worries about whatever worries her in her sleep; she throws out an arm, the girlish underwhite glinting and says a little moan, almost sensual, and some more of her crackling hair, white as a new mop, falls down in her face; she sleeps, she sleeps, her only peace thirty miles to Texarkana. Evil. I kept thinking about her, and she scared away the last of the Grimmo; her name would be Pat or Johnnie or Mott.

But I wanted to remember this pad for some reason, so I kept loping around, finding things I had lost in the Bob Steele days, thinking on that screwed-up travelling chick, delicious; I would run into her somewhere and we could devour each other, they would bury us together. It was some kind of new season for me, I kept thinking, carefully examining my finds; an overcoat button, a pencil shard, a tarnished penny, and a pile of nail parings and rat turds. For reasons best left unexamined, the bits and pieces reminded me of some sad old gentleman, very senile and dignified on a pension, who used to hang around Jefferson Dav-

is Grade School with his coat pockets full of mangled cookies and bus transfers and used handkerchiefs; he would walk the children home and laugh out loud in a terrible wail of a cry and hand out cookie crumbs and occasionally run his tongue into the little girls' mouths when he had a chance. I was young then, but easily impressed.

The place was cold and dirty, only another cockroached pad where I had inspected some disturbing catatonic dreams, and the rent was up and the solstice was rumbling out a new season, some more seminar notes on the restless syndrome, what the hell, relax and dig it; but I wandered through the two rooms and a bath once more, and out of the maudlin jaunt, I found nothing I liked but the john anyway, one of those ugly old jobs with the water closet on the wall above. I flushed it and flushed it again to hear that wild sound falling down on my ears; it shrieked like the disaster sirens in "How Green Was My Valley" for at least two minutes at a time. And the mop-headed sleeping chick; she would have married some cowboy when she was fourteen, some dirty nails who would come in beery and beat her up and broken her pitiful only bra, and she would have fumbled at the dangling straps even in the middle of the fight with her light hard hands, scaled from pulling bolls from the time she was hungry four, and cried at him, "You fuggin sonuvabitch, oh YOU FUGGINSONUVABITCH!" and he would have clubbed her again with his roast hand, sitting her down hard in the middle of the floor on her thin tragic tail, blowing and blubbering a sound at him, too hard and bitter for a whimper or a poem, and that new mop hair would have fallen down over her crying like a curtain, shutting him out, and putting him down; and in defense he swaggered and stomped around her in his high-heeled boots and finally went off loftily to the john and Western Romances, and plopped his pimpled end on one of those same cans, with a water closet above and a dangling frayed string. Oh that sad, evil chick. I flushed it again for the mystery, and grabbed the bag with the water still wailing, and I heard it die when I was halfway down the block, on my way now somewhere, going to dig the beggars and looking for a bird to feed.





## CHAPTER II

It was autumn in the night streets, beginning to turn blistery with wind; when I stopped under a street-light to dig another sweater out of my bag and shimmy it over the one I already wore, a man wearing a hat with the brim turned up, smoking a cigar, stopped to watch. When I had jammed myself into it and bulged the B-4 closed again, he laughed. Then very seriously, he looked at the coal of his cigar stump and said, "By God, that's the ticket, bundle up! It's going to be a cold one." A few paces out of the stain of light he stopped and yelled back, "Good Luck!" and I yelled the same, racing past the yellow windows of all the boardinghouses rank with the hungry onion smell of supper. There were leaves on the ground, flooding the walks, blowing around my head in crackly gasps. One yard was high and sloped, rich and thick with deep leaves, and I was wild with being out of the pad, out in the middle of the October night, the death of time, and suddenly I was rolling like a hard-slammed ball and beginning to laugh and hurl great fistfuls of the leaves up in the air, and then I tumbled down the incline on my back, letting out a mad shout that echoed down the quiet street while the leaf pulp snowed down on me and a great slap of frigid wind hit me in the face with the same feel as a popped towel in a grabass GI shower. "What the HELL," a woman's voice called from an

upstairs window. "Is that you, Nathan?" she asked suspiciously. "Good Luck!" I roared and ran on through the flying leaves, ravenous for coffee, wanting pots of it, black and scalding and full of wakefulness. "What the HELL, Nathan," I heard the woman say.

There was a diner at the foot of the bridge by the streetcar transfer, deserted except for a pink-haired waitress, thin and morose, who occasionally would tip-toe back past the griddle to nip out of a pint of lush. Through the window I could see the lighted city across the dark bottoms; at the far end of the trestle, a streetcar with a weak yellow beam began the ascent over the river, I gulped the steamy coffee and kept slapping nickels into the jukebox playing a wild jiving swamp-guitar number called "Burnin' Hell" and tapped my foot to the whomp-tomp, and I was already higher than the waitress would ever get out of her stashed bottle of lazy lucy behind the griddle; I was drunk because something was ending and something else was beginning and it didn't really matter what except that I would be in it, and because it was October and the yards were full of leaves and a complete stranger had called out of the dark to wish me well. It was the kind of feeling that Chaim would appreciate; he would nod his head, so perfectly bald and somehow pitifully Jewish, and mutter a moment while he scratched through his garments for a shard of a poem he had written the night before during a double-feature movie, and failing to find it, his face would wrinkle inscrutably and he would say, "Oh, yes, Morgan--the heart, the heart and the secrets in it." I would find Chaim, I decided, loping somewhere through the streets in his tennis shoes, his sad resigned Jew head automatically turning to look backwards every few moments to see if the Grimmo still followed him, to see if his very real idea of death was still there, sneering. I would follow him around for awhile on his mysterious errands through the parking lots and the alleys and the news stands and the bars and he would flood me with a violent torrent of poetry and impressions and news of all our mutual friends. "And Lola," he would say, urging me along faster though we would already be moving along at a swift trot. "What a Molly Bloom that girl is! She met a pornographic film producer, and he put the prop-



osition to her that if she would make two or three blue movies for him, he would see to it that she got some serious work later on. So, they left together for Green Bay, Wisconsin--which, for all I know, may be the Hollywood of the jerkoff films. I think he said he owned a motel there. Anyway, it was quite evident that he was only a pimp with a polaroid camera because he was already beating her before they left...And Crosby got busted by the fuzz trying to steal some books by B. Traven from the Public Library. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you! The bitter end of society! Look for the walls to start crumbling around you any day, any minute! Bill Voss got a very unusual gift for his birthday, very unusual, the apotheosis of our cultural plight! What Bill got for his birthday was--A RHINESTONE-STUDDER RUBBER! And it came from an equally unusual source. His father sent it to him..." And I bellow laughter until I stumbled from exhaustion at his endless improvisation, but always there would come the time during the evening when his terror would push forth out of him like a naked midget, and he would slip away around a corner or into an alley with his Grimm perilously close behind him...I wanted to see Chaim because I had been in profound loneliness for three months, and he had been in it all his life and would always be, and because joyously and inexplicably we were friends, and I wanted to buy him some good hot kosher and watch him eat and listen to him talk interminably, and split my money with him and blast through the night streets of the city; to the blare of savage music, and maybe somewhere before dawn, in the midst of a mad groove, I would find that chick, Pat or Johnnie or whatever, and the three of us could split somewhere, to Mexico, why not? The land of pod! I laughed out loud at the night ahead, at the wailing of the downhome harmonica behind the guitar on the juke, at the vital taste of the coffee pregnant in my throat. "More coffee!" I yelled, laughing at October, the death of time, and myself in the middle of its mystic night. "And pie, too," I said. "Give me a chunk of apple pie with cheese on it!" The waitress gave a long morose look, and patting her orange hair, started to fill the order, and now the juke was filled with a cool and high Negro bawl:



"They raided the joint and took everybody down but me; I was sittin in the corner just as juiced as I could be..."

When she brought the pie and coffee, I scrounged through my pockets and spread what money I had on the counter, seven dollars and some coins. Outside, the streetcar that had started across the river rattled by without stopping, a clanking yellow ghost through the blowy dark, and for a long while afterwards the tracks hummed and electricity whipped in the trolley line. Finally, the waitress drew a glass from under the counter, partly filled with sweetish-smelling wine and began to nip out of it as she glumly watched me wolf down the last of the pie.

"Those ess oh bees are gonna tear up the whole works," she said at last, fatalistic and boozy.

"What?"

"What's a guy like you which has got nothin got to laugh at so damn much?" she demanded accusingly. "Got two ole ratty sweaters on, make you look like a mummy or somepin. Got seven bucks and a scummy ole diddy bag, come in here laughin like a goddamn crazy man. I wish to Jee-zus I had somepin to laugh at." She found another glass, this one filled, brought it up

from under the counter in a dramatic arc and took long pull from it.

"Know what they're gonna do?" she confided, leaning toward me with a cocked eye, furious and winey-eye. "You know what those ESS-OH-BEES are gonna do to me? They're gonna tear up the goddamn streetcar tracks, that's all! Just gonna tear em right up and leave me sittin here! Diesel busses--that's what they're puttin in...Leave me and my place high and lonesome, how ya like that? Diesel busses my butt! I don't wanna ride any of em, do you?"

"No ma'am," I said and gulped the dregs of my coffee, grinning.

"Which make me can't see why you wanna laugh so much," she said beginning to giggle herself. "You know what I mean? The damn diesels are gonna take over, and here we are, just a couple of ole streetcar riders, and they're gonna tear the damn things up if we don't watch out...you wanna drink?"

But my streetcar was coming, and I explained to her that I was going to meet a friend that I hadn't seen in a long time, and it was him I had been laughing about, at least, mostly him. I left her all the loose change on the counter. "You make good coffee!" I told her, gathering up the rest of my money and the warbag and stopping near the door to pull my sweat-ers up around my neck and ears.

"Which you just mark my words," she said sorrowfully, "because they're gonna tear em up, right out of the ground, all the tracks and everything. And then where'll I be? And where'll YOU be when you wanna nice cup coffee waitin for your streetcar? As ole Confucius the Baseball Expert say, you win some and you lose some and some get rained out. Hey, I didn't mean to call you a mummy," she called.

"Good luck," I said. "It was fine coffee!" And I was out in the wind with my bag banging against my leg as I ran across the maze of tracks under the popping overhead lines, getting to the stop marker just as the car did, swinging up the stairs into the newspaper littered aisle and feeling the motion in the balls of my feet as the car shot forward almost instantly. Except for an old man with a thermos talking to the motorman, I was the only passenger. I found a seat

toward the back in dim saffron gloom and sat swaying to the roll of the car on the narrow trestle, looking ahead at the city lights, and occasionally on the left under the span of the big automobile bridge, there were small hobo fires where the stiffies cooked lonely mulligan and pete, and grinning at my reflection in the microcosm windows at the thought of the old orange-headed chick cussing and juicing all alone all night long wondering where I would find Chaim in the lights and towers ahead, Chaim, who had grasped my arm for a quick moment one night in a long-past summer as we prowled the city for poetry and ginch, and said intensely and in mortal wonder: "Morgan, I'm digging the earth! The whole muther-loving earth!"



## CHAPTER III

But the streets of the town were almost empty, and the wind, brutal as fists now, hurried me, shivering and jumping past the frozen startled eyes of the clothing store mannequins, past a chattering diehard shine boy who leaped out of the door of his stand as I passed, with a determined smile, "Lemme put a glaze on them skates fah you, Gate," and seeing that I wasn't stopping, called after me cheerfully, "Getcha tomorra, yeah, man!" And I couldn't find Chaim in any of the half-empty bars or arcades or coffee shops, nor for that matter, anyone else I knew, and I was sipping desultorily at a draw beer in a narrow little standup cafe, beginning to wonder if everybody had split off the face of the earth, when Dancer Brunne walked past the window, the coat buttons on his green corduroy suit fastened in a snarl, his head bobbing to some private mad rhythm, high as a moose's eye. I ran for the door and yelled after him, "Hey, Danc-

er!" and he made a wide turning arc without looking to see who was calling, came up to the doorway and inside, slumped up against the bar, his high head still jerking. "Hey man," he said weakly. "Like...how's it going with you?"

"You got it all," I cried, delighted at finding a familiar face. "Have a beer!"

"Swing," he said, but when the counterman brought it and Dancer had taken a long swallow, he leaned close and confided, "Man, I can't even taste this muther," and pushed the bottle away and began to scan the grime-browed ceiling with unfocused eyes. I drank both beers and ordered us a coffee at one of the two checker-clothed tables, guided him by a limp arm to a chair, and by that time, the movement of his head had subsided to a more controlled quiver and his eyes had some depth to them. I had never known Dancer well; we had been thrown together at various gatherings for a few moments of drunken, pidgen talk, but that was all. The only thing I knew that he was a marijuana user who supported a prodigious habit on the basis of his dark hollywoody good looks, by managing to leech off a succession of rich, middle-aged women, usually very big in Baptist and DAR circles. Somewhere, too, I had heard that he was once a promising modernist dancer, which, snow or not, anyway explained his name.

Now he stirred his limpness to shake half a bottle of red-hot sauce into his coffee, and poured it scalding down his throat without making a face. "Like I swear to Gee-zoo man," he said in wonder, "I can't taste a loving thing. I even tried chew tobacco. Dig." And he threw a jagged lump of Brown Mule on the table, a half-moon incised out of it, and instantaneously at the sight of the plug, for no more time than the time of a breath, I was plunged in the mosaic well of my childhood; my grandfather, fat and brown in khakis and suspenders, his old man's liver-blotched arms drowned to the elbow in a cool mash of new-peeled peaches under a hundred year elm that once wove wind into my young screened porch-sleep; far away, farther away from me now that time or distance could explain, could ever explain.

"Where is everybody?" I asked, eager to find something happening. "Do you know where I can find Chaim?"

"Around," Dancer said, waving a vague arm with dangling fingers. Then, silence for a few seconds while he examined my face and perhaps really recognized me for the first time since he had come inside. "Hey man," he said, "Like you been away. You been writing?"

When I shook my head he remembered.

"Yeah!" he said. "You got married! The girl-next-door bit! Like...some sweet Christian chick, right? How goes it, writer-man? Molto bene?"

I told him a shortened version; that she had left one night a couple of weeks after we had leased the pad.

"Great!" he said, openly exuberant. "It nuts me up to hear it! Like I thought when I dug the news about you getting married, man, this cat'll never last all that monogamy jazz! I mean like PISS on white Protestant virgins!" He jumped up to get two more beers, suddenly alive, all the drugged langour gone from him like a discarded piece of clothing.

"You guys keep the cussin down," the counterman roared ferociously but impersonally, and I grinned and nodded, reminded of a joint in San Antonio, Texas that had huge

signs on the wall saying "NO HARD WHISKEY GUZZLING" and "NO LOUD CUSSING" and "PLEASE REFRAIN FROM GAMBLING ON THE TABLES".

"Listen man," Dancer said, putting down the bottles, "you started back to college too, didn't you? I mean, how is that drag going, are you still making it like in Ancient Shitty Literature 101?"

"No," I told him. "I stopped going when Nan cut out."

"Who needs it?" he crowed. "Like listen, I read all your crap in those dike magazines when it used to come out...You know --the "Millard Fillmore Review" and all that snow...Man, TOO MUCH! I mean like I was WIGGED! What are they going to do in college, teach you to shake it before you put it back in your fly? Who needs it?"



He gulped his beer in jubilation, and I was laughing out loud when he stood up abruptly and let out a whoop.

"This calls for a celebration!" he shouted, dragging me up from the chair. "Welcome back to the good life and all that crap! Come on--like let's go dig the blast!"

"What blast?"

"THE blast! Out at Fear and Trembling! EVERYBODY'S going to be there coming on too far out! Let's make it, writer-man!"

Fear and Trembling was an old house on the lake shore that had been converted to an artists' coop; I had heard of the incredible roaring parties held there, but for one reason or another I had always missed them. There seemed a good chance that Chaim would be there, and I was ready for some kind of savage jive anyway.

"All right," I said excited, "let's go!" And we ran out in the wind lonely streets yelping and howling with hallelujah joy till our throats were seared and ran all the way to Dancer's car, a black flawless Aston-Martin with the paper plates still on it, parked in a NO PARKING AT ANY TIME zone with a ticket on the windshield which immediately fluttered out of Dancer's hand when he took it off, and sailed off into the black with him guffawing after it with his long duck-ass hair whipping in his face. We began removing the tonneau cover and when we had it off, I began to try to fold it, but he roared, "Forget it, man! Throw the loving thing away! If I keep it I might have to put it on again, dig!" He motioned for me to drive, and we piled down into the rich leather seats, and for a wild comic instant, I could see the insane image of Dancer, conked so high on pod that he couldn't see a hand in front of his face, laboriously fitting each snap of the tonneau into its proper catch. He showed me about the gearbox and we purred out through the back streets till I could get the feel and later, after we had sprung into the cabal of the expressway and my foot was a little more than halfway down on the accelerator and the speedometer was lunging at 100, Dancer fished around under the dash and brought forth a handful of brown-paper cigarettes. "Pod! he yelled over the noise of the windstream, and I nodded, and he slipped a lighted stick between my fingers on the wheel. It was very mild marijuana, strictly a conversation piece for an addict,



but it jumped in my head after only a few drags. Half-way down, and happy, I handed it back to Dancer, who was crooning and lighting up a second, and he roached it and slipped it back under the dash. When we neared the lake, he sat up for a moment to point at the cutoff for Fear and Trembling so that I would have time to brake for the turn, then slumped back with the point of his chin resting on his chest, humming around the stick clenched between his teeth. "Like I think I got my taste back," I heard him say.



## CHAPTER IV

Fear and Trembling was a big rococo Victorian ex-mansion facing on the lake shore, bristling with spires and delicate minarets, a violent red door set in its flaky, sagged front. From a mile away on the dirt road that led to the house, we could see the windows blazing intense Saturday-night lights and hear a faint wash of music and noise, and we yelled for joy because the blast was on, electric and swinging. Soon, I had to brake down because parked cars began to appear; an unbelievable Sargasso Sea of abandoned autos, all makes and colors and modifications, everything from a '22 Dodge pickup with the sign TRASH HAULED ANYTIME ANYWHERE stencilled on its side to a fat yellow cigar-shaped Gordini splashed with intricate whorls of mud and dust from a long road race. I had to steer cautiously around and through the twisted maze, even once went off the road because someone had simply gotten out of his car where it had chanced to stop in the middle of the ruts, lights still on and the radio shrieking. Now Dancer was standing up with the top half of his body perilously forward over the windshield, and I tooled the car right up on the lawn and



stopped it beside the veranda and the red door, and he was bawling excitedly at the top of his lungs: "SWING MAN! WHAT A SWING! LET'S BALL IT, MAN!" Already the party had overflowed the house, and in an instant, a swarm of bodies had formed around us, and Dancer was passing out the weed from under the dash slapping a stick in any hand that waved in his face, and then we were out of the car and somebody had passed an unlabeled bottle and I took a long pull and coughed and howled with pain "Christ! and a dozen hands slapped me on the back. "Don't that grab you?" the cat said, taking the bottle back. "Man, I made that brew myself. Strained shoe polish and vanilla extract. Don't that frost the cream on the top of your head?" Upstairs, someone dangled a hi-fi speaker out of a window for the benefit of all the guests in the yard, and dead Dylan's voice boomed out "Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs," and there were shouts from the lake, saying that a boat had been found and they were going to row across to the other side.

"C'mon," Dancer yelled, "Let's dig inside. Like this is WILD, man!"

We rushed toward the rickety wooden steps, stopping to take long hot swallows from the bottles extended on every side, and when we reached the veranda, someone yelled, "Give us a step, Dancer-man. Something way out!" The call was taken up, everyone shouted for him to perform, so Dancer grabbed a nearby bottle of wine, rinsed his mouth and spat red like blood on the floor, and executed a flawlessly barbaric flamenco step, ending with his arms high and haughty over his head. They were clapping and yelling for more, but Dancer only grinned and kissed his fingertips to them, and we went inside the red door, into the demoniac din of the main party.

"Man, this is a riot we're in," Dancer crowed.

For a moment we stood still, numbed into sudden silence by the blasting noise and color and movement. It was like a beserk ballet in the flux of rehearsal; hipsters in drapes and spades, too gone to speak; fierce, shaggy-bearded artists and near-artists with neurotic fragile shack-jobs; cool Mexicans gliding in their weed shoes, and high hungry Negroes talking down from bird heights, one I saw dressed in a hand-

some Ivy League suit with no shirt under the coat; hippy chicks, all sizes and colors and degrees of willingness, dressed in anything from Paris sacks to acid-stained jeans, and the narcissistic pretty boys after them, after ginch so their images would not disappear from the mirror some lonely morning and the fleet-footed bisexuals after anybody; fixedly-grinning company men in button-down collars and their slightly outraged wives, also fixedly grinning in noblesse oblige; jumpers and far-out swingers and pushers and users and former child prodigies and near-suicides and gushy aging broads and motorcycle tramps and gangbang hags up from the Row for a greedy night of free boozing; and all of them juiced or conked or getting that way or already sick and ready to start again, moving in currents through the rooms and up the stairs and back down again, bawling at the limit of their lungs with roars, catcalls, yells, laughter, and occasional screams. At the far end of the room, there were colored musicians blowing on an improvised platform, but we couldn't hear a note over the rush of sound.

A cloying blond homosexual wearing a black leopard and sequins in his eyebrows came up and asked us for a dollar apiece. "It's for the booze, dears," he explained, airy and suggestive. "If you can't find any, that's really tough shit, and I want you to know that I FEEL for both of you."

We paid him and Dancer laughed and pinched the fairy's cheek cruelly. "Like watch this morphodite, writer-man," he said, "He'll kiss us all to death."

"You smartass!" the fairy shrieked. "I'll scratch your eyes out for that!" But Dancer leaped out of the way, howling with laughter, and disappeared into the mob, a lit stick again in his mouth, hollering over his shoulder, "Later, man. WHAT A CRAZY BLAST!"

And I did not even attempt to follow, but simply drifted with the cross-surf of the cruch of bodies, drinking out of the closest bottle at hand, keeping an eye out for Chaim but not seeing him or anybody close enough to speak to that might have news of him. "Listen, baby, I've got a real charge for you," a motorcycle punk was saying to a frigidly pretty chick who

might have been a fashion model. "Like I dig lots of bones and I'd like to make it with you." His hot hand was rhythmically fondling the girl's lower stomach through the thin stuff of her dress. "Don't be facetious, mahn," she said icily, removing his hand and wandering off into the jostle. "I won't lose no sack over it, baby," he said savagely after her. Farther on, a young hipster in an inches-thick black turtleneck, with his head clean-shaved and polished was explaining Zen to some bored Negro chicks. "You just sit, man, you know? Like in front of a wall, dig. And you look at it, just the goddamn wall there, see, and finally the master comes and asks you questions, like, 'What's new, daddy?' or some jazz like, 'Before your mother and father made it together, what is your original aspect?' I mean it swings! The whole bit is too wiggly out to talk about!" Someone called my name, and I turned and saw Renzo, a goateed Sicilian sculptor whom I knew, who had cried one last drunken night when he was trying to decide whether to marry a girl who wouldn't just live with him as he had suggested to her; who in the early sober morning had talked with love and longing for the years he had lived in Biloxi, Mississippi, in the Gulf wind, and helped his father cure whiskey in charred kegs swinging tied in the tossing tops of bois d'arc tree. His wife was with him, a thin shy dark Negress, and they both waved and smiled and motioned me over, but I couldn't get to them, so I pantomimed helplessly and hoped that I would run into them later. Now I was caught up in a group of actors and actresses, some of them still in greasepaint and costume for a period play. "My God," one of the men said, "how I envy those old Elizabethan actors! Just imagine being able to play Desdemona or Cordelia or any of those brilliant heroines in the Middle Period comedies!" An avant-garde director, nervous and intense, had one of the actresses off to one side, describing an experimental film of "The Dream Life of Balso Snell" he was about to begin. "I'm aiming for a kind of metaphysical balance, you see," he

said, lighting a fresh cigarette off the stub in his yellow fingers. "Of course, if you get the part, understand from the first that you'll have to play in the nude because that's the whole point of West's work--the nudity, the nakedness of contemporary life. Yes... I think you might fit in very nicely... The more I look at you, the more I can see you doing the role of the anus of the Trojan horse..."

A girl behind me caught my head in her hands, swung me around, and kissed me deeply on the mouth. It was Sugar Torres, a Latin chick who worked in a bookstore downtown, and I was glad to see her. "Hey," I said, hugging her, "it's been a long time."

"I heard you got married, man," she said, a grin wrinkling the brown skin around her eyes.

"A filthy rumor," I told her. "Listen, you haven't seen Chaim around, have you?"

"Little bald jew-boy? Hipped on Rainer Rilke?"

"You've got it," I laughed. "Seen him paddling around anywhere?"

"No, not tonight," she said, puckering her red mouth in memory. "Not at the store either for a long time. He's ape for O'Neill, too."

Someone shoved a hot can of beer in my hands, and I overheard two high-school-age girls talking heatedly on a couch nearby. One was angry and the other was crying, and the angry one kept asking, "Well, why did you let him do it, stupid? I never heard of such a silly thing!" "I don't know, I don't know," the crying girl insisted, then blurted: "Because he asked me!"

Sugar grabbed my arm and started leading me through a gap in the crush toward the stairs. "Come on, man," she cried, "I know where they're cooking some horse." I followed her, already pretty blurry and juiced from all the drinks, and for a moment at the top of the stairs I heard the blowing musicians for the first time since I had entered the house, a snatch of furious flute and fused baritone jamming "Yardbird Suite", and then we were in a long hall with a different din falling around our ears. There

were parties going in most of the upstairs rooms and a continual clamor through the thin walls. Sugar stopped before a closed door and knocked, and a sad-faced Mexican boy in a blue Air Force uniform let us in and relocked the door. We were in a huge toilet with an open community shower at the far end, puddles of water gleaming around the drains. There were two other Mexicans, swart and impassive and mountain high, squatting like peons on their heels, and a tiny brazier with spoons glosing near one of the johns; even a hi-fi with a cord running up to the light fixture on the ceiling. The toilet seats had things like GOODY GOODY DADDY'S HOME written on them in careful blocked letters. "If the fuzz bust in, throw every-

thing in the crapper and flush it," the boy told us immediately." Sugar introduced me around; the boy's name was Jesus Valentino Tomayo. "Everybody conking?" he asked, and Sugar and the two others nodded yes, but I declined. "I'm afraid of the hard stuff," I told him. "Hell," he smiled tightly, "I'm afraid of aish myself, guy." He dug around in his GI shaving kit and handed me a Yello-Bole pipe with a thread spool jammed down in it, then a draw-stringed tobacco sack. "You'll take a little weed, won't you?" he asked "This is the aw-

thentic jive, guy. A friend of mine in Old Mex grew a whole field of this jahoddy on his ranch." He showed me how to sprinkle the grains down the spool and get it lighted.

Sugar put a stack of Miles Davis records on the phonograph and the room suddenly filled with little-



boy introspections. Then the heroin was done and they all drew around Jesus at the brazier, who brought a syringe and hypo out of his kit. I walked to the window and looked out on the lake while they shot him up. When I turned back and sat down against the wall facing them and lit the pod, they were sitting stiffly, waiting for the fix to grab hold. After a long silence, the two squatting Mexicans went off into something like sleep, and Sugar and Jesus gradually relaxed into limp smiles. I was soaring, too, feeling the marijuana behind my eyes, but none of us talked for maybe ten minutes.

"Man, he sure speaks," Sugar said at last, indicating the Davis record.

"Yeah... Jesus said slowly, then paused for a long while to stare at the ceiling. "But I tell you who I like to hear blow." Another pause. "Moondog. I wish we have some Moondog sides."

Sugar yawned deliciously, expanding her little pointed breasts. "His records are very hard to get," she said distantly, "muy difcil obtener."

"Are you makin it all right, Morgan?" Jesus asked. "How's the weed, guy?" And I nodded and waved a weighty arm. After a while, he said sadly, "The fuzz are goin to raid this blast but I don't give a shit."

"Are the AP's still after you?" Sugar asked. She ran a hand dreamily in front of her face and it delighted her, so she kept on doing it, as if she were fanning herself in slow motion. I was beginning to feel boneless, so I snuffed out the pipe and laid it carefully on the floor beside me.

"I'm still AWOL." Jesus shrugged. "I'll go back some of these times. The stockade is a bunch of shit, but I don't care."

"Tell them about the drugs," Sugar suggested, moving her hand, now beginning to draw the other one in front of her face, too. "If you tell them about the drugs, they'll discharge you quick. I had a boyfriend did it once."

"No, I want to stay in," Jesus said seriously. "I got a plan, see. I'm goin to learn all I can about the military and then sometimes, I'll start a revolution down in Old Mex and take over the whole stinking country..." He closed his eyes and a nerve spasm

shook him during another long silence.

"Humphrey Bogart died the other day," Sugar said in a small lost voice, blinking her eyes rapidly. "And John Garfield died too....Did you ever see Castle on the Hudson or Dust Be My Destiny? Man, Garfield sure did speak....And Bogart in The Petrified Forest and Casablanca and Treasure of Sierra Madre....Now they're both dead..."

"Cagney," Jesus said, lazy. "Jaime Cagney, he's the one use to charge me up. One time, hell I was juss a kid shinin shoes in Paso, see, and Angels with Dirty Faces showed uptown at the Loew's, high price dump. They made me leave my shinebox at the door, see, afraid I would hustle the customers during the show. I went to see that muther two-three times a day for a week."

"Jaime Cagney," Sugar said vacantly, "is he dead, too? I can't remember..."

"I wasn't a addick then," Jesus explained, looking into emptiness. "I juss went around shinin shoes, see..."

"Is Cagney dead?" Sugar asked, vaguely bothered. "Or not?"

"Everybody's dead," Jesus said levelly. They talked on a few minutes, more and more irrationally, and then they were silent, unseeing and unhearing as the tranced peon squatters. After a while I pulled myself up shakily to raise the window and stand shivering in the sudden icy air, breathing long and deep, feeling the circulation come back painfully to my arms and legs. At the lavatory, I whipped water in my face till it stung, and when I caught a glimpse in the mirror of my strange high eyes I laughed out loud. None of them stirred again out of their moonsoar dreams, and when I left, still numb and groggy, I fixed the lock so it would snap shut when I closed the door behind me.

Outside, the party was still in jamming progress, frantic, hysteric, if anything, an octave higher than before. Across the hallway, the wide-open volume of a record player screeched out a raunchy jumpvoice singing: "When ah walk into a bar all the girls from near and far say that ah'm a --gangster -- of -- love" and there were shouts and insane calls, and far off, a sound of breaking glass. Midway to the stairs, a





## Talking Riot Blues



Witch Hunters came to Frisco town  
To smear and slander and hound men down;  
They came to legislate, they say--  
But they came to take our rights away,  
And we wouldn't let 'm. No Sir! Witch Hunters go home!

Are you now or have you been  
Associated with or implicated in  
Did you ever walk a picket did you ever sit down  
Did you ever get a call from Archie Brown?  
You've had it. Time for your bath.

So we gathered down at City Hall  
To show these invaders one and all  
That we were free, and free we'd stay  
And wouldn't be happy till they went away  
Back to the old cottonfields.

We carried our signs and walked in peace  
Two-fifty of us four hundred police  
And when they wouldn't let us in  
We sat right down and made a din  
Singing "God Bless America" and other subversive songs.



Fender





Then the goons brought a high pressure hose  
They beat us on the head and tore our clothes  
Dragged us down those cold wet stones  
Knocked out our teeth and broke our bones  
Preservin' order. Beating pregnant women.

All in the line of duty.

Next day the Committee's feelin' pretty neat  
They think they have our protest beat  
So out on the Balcony and what do they see  
But five thousand people who all agree  
Sieg Heil! Go ahead--Jump!

They went away feelin' mighty sad  
The Mayor didn't like 'em cause they wrecked his pad  
They called us commies and dupes of reds  
They just can't get it through their heads  
They're not wanted here, don't go away mad, just go away.

America is tired of oath-meal.

albert lannon, jr.

a score of folk songs have been  
written about the "black" friday  
"riots" at san francisco's city  
hall on may 13, 1960. here's  
one of the most virile of them.

little mulatto man was trying to keep away from the flailing arms of his woman, who was about twice his size and majestically drunk. He was trying to placate her but she wouldn't let him get close enough. "Be nice, mama," he pleaded. "Be cool." But she would have none of it. "Don't put me on with none of you badass mama talk," she shouted. "Don't try to jive me, man! I knows the onliest place yo mamma is." To illustrate she shaped a vagina in the air with her large hands. "In the hollow!" she yelled scornfully. "That's the onliest place you ever worries about yo mama!" I grinned woozily at them and they grinned back, stepping politely aside in a momentary truce to let me by, but as soon as I had passed beginning again at the same pitch where they had left off. I went to stand slumped against the railing at the top of the stairs, still very lightheaded from the hop and whiskey, looking out over the sweep and flux of the party below. At the far end of the vast room, part of the crowd had formed a semi-circle and was watching a red-haired girl dance excitedly around and on top of a low table; because of the distance, I couldn't tell if she had nothing on or if she was wearing a flesh-colored costume, but it didn't make a great deal of difference because the effect was the same. I leaned far over the rail to scan the lower floor for Chaim, but I still didn't see him anywhere, and when I regained my balance, a sober, greying man, wearing expensive tweeds and a pencil mustache, was standing beside me, smiling archly at the commotion below. He offered me a cigarette.

"The Garden of Worldly Delights," he said wryly, indicating the crowd. "You young people certainly have extreme tastes. In my time, we had our little adventures into Bohemia, of course, but they were never quite this--enthusiastically..." He lit my cigarette with a thin gold lighter with some sort of crest on it.

"When was that?" I asked, not really caring what I said because I was beginning to get a headache and a drawn let-down feeling and because he immediately struck me as slightly fatuous.

"We flee from honor; it from us hath fled...in this brothel where we ply our trade," he quoted from Villon with mockery, ignoring me. "Doesn't that about

sum it up?" Your generation, I mean? Fleeing, running, jumping about from one feeling to another, not even caring whether it's pain or pleasure. Just caring about getting there, away from all responsibility...in the brothel..."

"Mister," I told him, "I go to whorehouses because I dig whores."

He was beginning to get on my nerves with his arch, bantering talk, but my remark didn't shut him up; he went on blandly, making each point with a stab of his cigarette.

"Of course," he was saying, "the phenomenal thing about your generation is not the overthrow of old gods and values; that, in itself, is part of the natural order of society. What is so unusual is the total embracing of the criminal ethic...which, sad to say, always means the end of beauty in a civilization, and the beginning of inexorable decay..." He paused to look me over with acid sarcasm..."Yourself, for example," he said. "You're obviously under the influence of drugs, and I suppose you fancy yourself the gay dog because of it..."

"I raped three old ladies tonight," I told him seriously, fed up with his pronouncements, "and robbed the Bank of America and kicked a dog true in the face good. And then I walked back to the brothel in the rain."

"Very amusing," he said thinly. "But your instant defensiveness adequately proves my point. I'm an art collector, you see. I came here tonight to look at some paintings. "Ugh!" he made a face. "Terrible stuff. You see, you people can't produce anything approaching genuine art; you're too erratic, too chaotic. Flashes of brilliance, yes, and remarkable technique--but never art. In all, something like the burrees of the insane. Do you know those teeming pictures painted by maniacs?"

I shook my head, amused in spite of myself.

"Come along, then," he said, "and I'll show you. There's a perfect example down the hall here." He kept insisting, even though I refused several times, so finally, half out of curiosity and half out of irritation, because my head was starting to pound now and my muscles knotting up as I came down off the mari-

juana, I followed him. He led the way to the very end of the hall and into someone's deserted bedroom, bare as a monk's cell except for an army cot and an old battered footlocker. There was only one painting, a non-representational canvas of saffron and ochre blobs on the far wall. He drew me closer by the sleeve and pointed up at it.

"There, you see," he said in a cold whisper. "Notice the demonic strokes there in the corner..." And I thought his hand brushing against my leg was accidental till he grasped the inside of my thigh with pincer fingers.

"Hey!" I cried, startled and jumping away. "What is this?"

"Ever play around any, son?" His voice was husky, and he continued to move after me till he had his back to the door.

"No!" I yelled. "Hell no! Now let me alone!"

"Oh don't give me that sad Jesus!" he said furiously. "Don't try acting coy WITH ME!"

"You've got me wrong," I tried to tell him, but he lunged after me again and now I was against the wall, against the painting he had brought me to see.

"I know all of you bums," he was saying contemptuously. "You're all three dollar bills, so don't give me any of your sad Jesus dramatics. Now come here," he coaxed. "I won't hurt you. You've been around long enough to know that... I won't hurt you, son, because I'm a lover of beauty..."

I gauged the distance to the door and tried to run around him, but he grabbed me and we swayed and grappled in the middle of the floor, his face was so close I could see the individual hairs in his mustache



quiver as he cursed me foully , and I tried to wrench away but he held me tight by the hair and throat, and with a sickening roar, I struck out at him till he staggered and let go of me, moaning with blood at his angry working mouth; then I was running out of the room into the hall, into a dark staircase going up, wrestling crazily and blindly with a door at the top, finally wrenching it open in panic and a swoop of wind with choked terror tight in my throat, all my body trembling and shaking as I stepped out on the roof under the shadowy windblasted spires and domes towering above.

After I was sick with a violent gush of liquory fluid, the shaking stopped and I began to feel better and walk around over the roof, the wind furious and icy off the lake cutting through to my bones. The garbled music and noise of the party far below seemed very distant. Shivering and still sick-kneed but staying on my feet to keep warm, I stumbled over an old raggy blanket someone had been using to sunbathe on, and wrapped myself in it under an eave that knocked off most of the blast. The lake swept out in front of me, and the dark land beyond it, palely luminous with October, my death of time.

And as I got warmer and calmer, I thought of all the spread of my life on the earth, of my hot sweet childhood and long-dead parents in a vanished place and time; and my tattered chasing manhood through gulfs and abysses with friends like Dancer and Sugar and ghetto-eyed Chaim and others like them whom I had loved; all of us somehow seeking peace and blessedness and yet never finding it where we had been told to look, and turning to jazz and flesh and fast cars and Zen and jabbing needles, and not finding it there, either, and finally beginning to think it was all a lie or a myth, a pleasant but fantastic story someone had fabricated out of longing whole cloth. If there was such a thing as peace, I at least had not found it, I reflected, thinking of my wife Nan, who had left me, and suddenly remembering the last time I had seen my grandfather. I had travelled the long journey to his home to tell him that I intended to become a writer, we sat up late into the night at the kitchen table drinking coffee and talking. "My god," he said in wonder,


"who could have guessed it? "I'm glad for you! And proud for you!" And we both laughed, excited and pleased to see each other and to find that nothing had changed between us, even though I had left his house long ago a boy and now returned to it a man. "Ah, if we could just know," he said with a mysterious thrill in his voice, "what's up ahead! What's going to happen to you up there somewhere? Great God in heaven, I'd give what little life I've got left to know! Why, you're going to be famous! You're going to be a GREAT man!" he had cried, pouring more coffee in the huge crockmugs, shaking his head in incredulous mystic wonder. And as I thought about him and the things he had said that faraway night, I felt more peace than I had known for incalculable time. Drowsily, I looked out over the lake at the sleeping land, at the dark strips of timber rising skyward, the fierce public outbursts of the earth, and there seemed to me to be something in the night and the land and the trees on the far shore as majestic as my grandfather's voice full of love, and at last I slept.

But the party was not raided as Jesus Tomayo had gloomily predicted, and when I woke, the wind had stopped; the night was very clear and cold and still, and there was false dawn showing above the lake in the east. Rubbing sleep and the fine dew of early morning off my face, I went downstairs to walk through the silent rooms filled with the debris and afterbirth of the insane ball: bottles, cigarette butts, discarded and lost clothing, broken glasses, scattered records, overturned furniture, and here and there someone like myself, stumbling through the mess with fuzzy eyes, wondering where everyone had disappeared and how the high pitched noise and movement that had raged so violently a few hours before could have died so completely, disintegrated so wholly into the air. I looked in the room with the yellow painting, but the queer was not there, and the bathroom was vacant, too, empty except for the white shrouds of the plumbing and the faint, peculiar hay smell that cooking heroin leaves. At the top of the stairs that led down to the main floor, I had to step around the sprawled figure of a juiced-blind man, naked but for his horn-rimmed glasses awry on his nose and one garish red sock with a hole in the toe. All the lights were still burning, and somewhere a phonograph had been left on, playing thinly

and repeatedly Herbie Mann's haunted, husky-throat-litany to Tel Aviv.

Toward the back of the house, I found the kitchen, and sitting at a table still drinking, Jo Jagoe, a carhop whom I knew, solemnly drunk and still wanting to ball. I refused the drink she offered me and began searching through the wild disarray of the cabinets for coffee and something to cook it in.

"Ah, don't be such a dull skull, stud," she pouted. "Damn party ain't over long as the lush holds out...Have a drink--don't be a shmig-eggy."



"No thanks," I told her again, finding a pan that was only slightly scummed and washing it at the cluttered sink. "Better let me fix you some coffee." "No coffee for me," she slurred, looking at the bottle in deep melancholy. "No coffee for this baby...Know what? This is a drag...Oughta be some way to get this swingin blast started again...Feel like--feel like a ole empty milk bottle on the stoop...Hey, why'nt we go somewhere? You know, goof off and bang..." "Where'd you have in mind?" I asked, looking for the coffee now. "Crap," she said vaguely, who cares? Spain, maybe...or Bethel, Oklahoma or someplace like that...Good ole Bethel High...Best god-damn years of my life in that school..."

She went on enumerating places for us to go, now and then stopping to lace in drunken reminiscences of Bethel or to take a raw pull out of the bottle, and I busied myself with making the coffee, and when it was done, standing against the sink with a steaming cup in my hands, beginning to wonder where I would go now, and what I would do. I was only half-listening to her when I heard her mention Chaim.

"--and this principal, see, he said I was promiscuous, and I didn't even know what the word MEANT at the time," she was saying. "Hey, I know! We oughta go see ole Chaim! Pick up a couple jugs and go cheer up ole Chaim! Poor little jewboy, didn't get to come to the blast, down there all by his lonesome--"

"Listen," I cried, excited, "I've been looking for him all night! Do you know where he is?"

"Sure I know, stud," she said. "You wanna go?"





That's what we oughta do, pick up a couple jugs, go down there and start a jivin ball right in the middle of the place! Poor ole Chaim, poor little sonofabitch..."

"Where is he?" I demanded, puzzled and a little frightened by the way she was talking. The first thing that occurred to me was that he had been put in jail for some reason or other.

"Shit, honey, don't you know?" Jo asked seriously. "I thought you and him was big buddies. Haven't you heard about ole Chaim?"

"Cut the stalling," I shouted, "and tell me where he is."

"I'm sorry, baby," she said with regret, "but I thought you knew. Chaim went off his rocker, see. Tried to--hurt himself with a ole rusty beer opener. They had to take him off to the nuthouse in a jacket. Poor little booger..."

"Oh my god," I said, shocked, "do you know where they took him?"

"County, I guess," she said hazily. Then: "Hey, where you off to? I thought you and me was about to get this drag going again..."

But I did not stop to explain, and it took me over ten minutes of frantic searching through the vast deserted house before I found Dancer, slumped across a bed in one of the rooms upstairs, his coat missing and one cheek streaked with dried blood. I had to slap him a long while to get him conscious enough to listen to me.

"Oh, man don't bug me," he mumbled, trying to lie back down.

"Dancer," I said, frenzied with worry, "I've got to use your car. Do you hear me? I'm going to use it for awhile, so don't report it stolen or anything."

"Groovy," he said, his head limp. "Like...I don't give a sweet screw what you do with the muthah as long as you get off my back...I've got more...My pig'll buy me all I want...anything I want..."

And I left him sleeping and went back down the stairs and out of Fear and Trembling into the pre-



dawn autumn chill. The keys were still in the ignition where I had left them, and I climbed hurriedly into the low cockpit, and with and impatient foot, revved the motor. My god, my god, I kept thinking, so the Grimmo is real after all.



The County Hospital was an old rock of a building built by the WPA during the Depression. When it was new, it had been situated in open and rolling countryside, but since then, a manufacturing district had grown up around it with all its accompanying grinch and grime and sleazy jerrybuilt structures. Only a copse of withered sycamore trees on the breast of a rise that led up to the main entrance remained of the country; those and the dried scar of a brook, now filled with trash where the water had once run. I sat in the car in the empty parking lot and looked up the hill, afraid for Chaim and somehow afraid for myself, and while I sat there, dawn began to light, and I shivered, wracked with a sudden chill that shook my teeth and electrified the hair at the base of my neck.

Finally, I walked across the asphalt lot and up the hill and around the building till I found a side door marked EXIT that wasn't locked and let myself quietly into the palely-lighted corridor, into the quick shock of cloying antiseptic smell that I had not expected, that I had not tasted burning in my nose since my grandfather died sleeping in a small-town clinic as I waited through the afternoon. I knew the attendants wouldn't let me see Chaim at such a crazy hour, and especially looking as I did, still half-wild with pod, unshaved and weary and exhausted from the long frantic night behind me, so I abandoned any idea of looking on

the first floor where there would probably be plenty of people about, and found a stairwell that led upwards. I had no idea where to look for him nor any definite scheme of the place to guide me, so I began with the first door at the top of the stairs on the second floor, cautiously watching for nurses or orderlies, and standing stiff in the shadows or inside a doorway when they would pass at infrequent but sudden intervals on their noiseless rubber soles. Once, on the third floor, someone yelled after me a soft, hissing "Hey," but I ducked into the staircase and whoever it was didn't follow. There were night lights in only a few of the rooms and after a while, I learned to go only far enough in the doors to look at the chart on the foot of each patient's bed. It was in a large ward on the fourth floor where I had tiptoed past a dozing white-coated attendant that I saw his name: GOUNOUD, CHAIM O.: and looked up to see him staring at me from the bed, his smooth hairless face and head bathed in sweat, pale and white as chipped bone. Even though I had been bracing myself for something terrible, I was shocked to see how shrivelled and sick he looked.

"Chaim," I whispered, going to the side of the bed and kneeling, but he drew away as far as he could, watching me frightenedly. It was then that I saw he was strapped down under the sheets.

"Chaim, I won't hurt you," I told him, "I won't hurt you." Once, I had seen a man after a month of cold turkey removal, and Chaim reminded me of his eyes.

"Don't try to trick me," he said at last in a dry rustle. "Don't try to trick me into telling you where the Grimmo-stare is because I won't do it."

"I wouldn't," I told him, wanting to cry. "I wouldn't trick you. I'm your friend."

Across the ward, turning washed grey with the small light from the windows, someone tossed and moaned out in his sleep and then became silent again, and Chaim watched me with animal suspicion. It occurred to me for the first time since Jo had told me about him that perhaps I shouldn't have come at all, that I might even do him harm by being there. But I hadn't thought in my wild race across the city; I had only

realized that he was hurt and that I had to help him because he had no one else and neither did I, and in some inexplicable way we were brothers. As he watched me, he opened his mouth slightly to breathe faster and I saw that his front teeth were missing; I almost cried out with the pain of it.

"Listen to me," I said lowly, trying to think of something that he might recall so he wouldn't be afraid of me. "I'm your friend. Do you remember when we used to walk in the little park by the train station? Sunday mornings we would meet there and read the



papers, and later, when the bars opened we would go to a place near the courthouse called Paschal's?" "Oh yes," he said tightly, "I remember the Sundays. My God, that was a long time ago... But you weren't there. It was the Grimmo with me. He and I always read the papers together....." "Yes," I said, "the Grimmo was there, but I was there too. Paschal's had a jukebox with a lot of Irish songs on it, remember? And we would go in yelling, "Up the rebels!" each time and talking blarney to get free beer?"

He was silent for a long while, looking away, and when he turned his face back to me it was twisted with tears. "Help me, Morgan," he sobbed, "help me get out of this place. They hurt me, they hurt me..." And I threw my arms around him in fierce love and compassion and protection and tried to muffle his crying so he would not wake the others or rouse the attendant. At last, his shoulders stopped jerking and he was through, and I wiped his fevered face, dampening my handkerchief out of the pitcher on the bed-stand.

"They knocked out my teeth," he said softly, "when they were trying to make me come here. I told them to find you, that you would help me, but they wouldn't... I told them over and over..."

"I'm here now," I said, trying to soothe him, "I only just found out you were here, or I would have come sooner. I had to sneak in."

"I thought it was her. I thought SHE wouldn't let you come."

"Who?"

"That chick you married. She doesn't like me."

"Of course she does," I said to cheer him up, but I knew he was right. Nan had taken an instant aversion to him the first time they had met.

"I never told you," he whispered, "but she wrote me a letter. She asked me to stay away from you. It made me so lonesome, so sad..."

I told him that it was all over between Nan and me, that we were separated and she had gone home to stay with her parents while she got the divorce.

"I knew it would happen," he said wistfully. "She wasn't the type of girl for you... People like her are-- a different race from us... They don't see things like we HAVE to-- they don't care..."

And he was right. Somehow all of us, Chaim and the rest of my friends and I, were not equipped to want the same things that someone like Nan wanted-- security and respectable jobs and twenty-year mortgages and meals at regular times... Nan had angrily summed us up once after a long argument when I had tried to describe to her what I wanted. "All of you love too many confusing things," she had shouted, "and none of them are the right ones!"

"I'll get out of here soon," Chaim was saying dreamily, "and then maybe we can have some more swinging times like we used to. But maybe now-- maybe you won't like to be around me?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure I will."

"You mean it?" he asked narrowly, and when I nodded my head, he lay back on the pillow and suppressed a giggle.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was remembering when you sold your first story." He writhed with choked mirth. "And we took the money and bought tequila and shrimp and a lot of books on Eskimos. Ha ha!"

I cautioned him to be quieter, but in a minute I was smothering my mouth against my sleeve, too, and all the hilarious and touching memories of our chasing compulsive years together flooded over me with a rush.

"Yeah," I laughed softly. "And the time we hitchhiked to St. Louis to dig Monk and the Bird at a con-

cert and couldn't get tickets, so we had a milkshake and came all the way back home..."

"My god," he said, "my god, I had forgotten that! We had that pad near Little Mexico--painted all black, even the ceiling. The landlady said she had painted it that way to get rid of the roaches, but all the black did was to make the place so damn dark you couldn't see them. My god, my god, what crazy times we had!"

"The man in the next bed began to stir, so we stopped talking for a while, and Chaim turned his face into the pillow to stifle his laughter. I squatted on the floor, still grinning, happy to see him feeling so good. I was very light-headed with exhaustion and relief, and I knew I would have to slip out soon because already I could hear the distant sounds of footsteps and muffled metal clanging and low voices as the hospital awoke.

"I've got to go soon," I whispered. But when I reached out to touch him, he flinched violently, and rolled back over, and something had changed in his face; he was moody and terrorstruck again, the same as when I had first come in the room.

"Don't you want to know?" he asked strangely.

"Know what?" I asked uneasy.

"Where the Grimmo is," he hissed. His face was twisted into deep lines. "I'll tell you if you want to know."

"Tell me later," I said with a shiver. "I'll stay with you till you go to sleep, and you can tell me about it when you wake up."

"Please take me with you," he pleaded suddenly. "The Grimmo doesn't like it here. He hurts me when he's mad."

"No," I told him, beginning to be alarmed. "You've got to stay here and get well..."

He stared at the ceiling a long moment, squeezing his face into a tortured pucker.

"Know what?" he said at last, canny and sly. "I can do something." He wriggled around till he had one arm free from the cloth straps and swung it around in front of him as if it were a disembodied thing. "They don't know," he confided in a whisper. "They don't know I can get up when I feel like it..."

The sleeve of his bedgown slipped down as he mov-

ed his arm in a jerky dance, revealing long deep gashes that looked like fingernail scratches. Then he began to free the other arm.

"No," I tried to tell him, "lay back down. You're still sick and you'll hurt yourself..." But now, fantastically quick, he had the other arm loose and was sitting bolt upright, and I was flooded with a hot rush of panic. I didn't know what I would do if he tried to get up and leave.

"You're not really Morgan," he accused coldly. "You're just someone they sent in here to trick me."

"Please lay back down," I said. "You'll make yourself sick and wake everyone up..." He began to scratch at his arm, slowly at first, then speeding up in rhythmic sensual sweeps.

"I'm going to tell you," he said loudly, "where the Grimmo is. Then maybe all of you will go away and leave me alone." He kept scratching at both arms with a dry scraping sound till the partly-healed sores opened and began to bleed. I tried to stop him, but he lashed out ferociously and cut a welt on my cheek.

"I'm Morgan," I kept telling him, and now some of the men in the beds down the ward were waking and calling out. "I'm Morgan, I'm your friend...I said again."

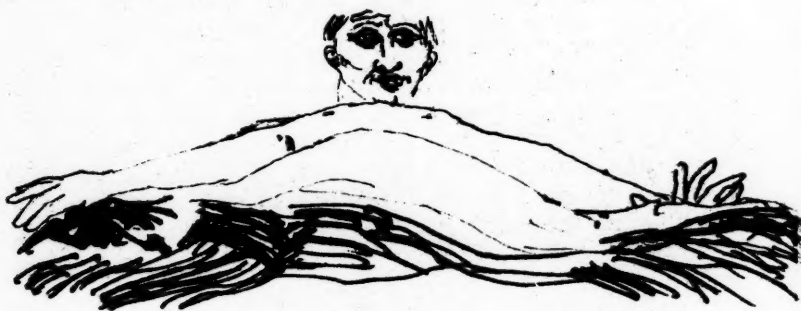
"No, you're not," he screamed. "You're not my friend! You're one of them! But I'll tell you where the Grimmo is."

"Stop," I cried, "stop, stop--" I tried to hold his arms, but each time, he would slip away or strike out at me till I had to let him go. The patients were yelling now, in crazed high-pitched fearful voices, and with a shock I realized for the first time that they must all be madmen, too, just as Chaim struggling in my arms; and I knew now that there was no hope of quieting him before we were discovered by the attendant so I began to pray that he would come quick, to help me keep Chaim from hurting himself in his mad struggles.

"THE GRIMMO IS IN MY VEINS!" Chaim yelled, shredding at his arms with red fingers. "HE'S IN MY VEINS WALKING! GOD PUT HIM THERE! AND I TRIED TO CUT HIM OUT BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET

ME! YOU STOPPED ME WHEN I WAS GOING TO KILL HIM WITH A KNIFE! YOU STINKING SONSOFBITCHES! YOU STINKING GODDAMN SONSOFBITCHES!"

And then the attendant was there, too, yelling outraged, "Where did you come from? What are YOU doing here?" and the patients were howling, some in maniac laughter, and I backed away in shaking horror, brushing away his hand when he tried to stop me, and stumbled out of the ward toward the stairwell, still hearing Chaim's piercing shouts and racked and sick and deep-wasted, his cries followed me down the long flights of stairs to the ground floor as the realization dawned in me that he was mad for good and all, that there was nothing I could do or anyone could do for him any longer, that somehow he had been consumed and had ceased to exist, swallowed up in the perilous maw of the Grimmo who haunts us all in the time of our bitter, curious, sweet lives. And my long leave-taking night was over in the deepest and wildest and loneliest grief and love I had ever known, as I stepped numb and mute into the grey of the cloudy morning outside and veered off the cement path to walk blindly through the litter and weeds of the dried creek scar, it was all over but the crying, the bitter, curious, sweet crying.



I drove till I could no longer see to drive through the tears, and pulled off the highway into the gravel next to the coffee joint, and finished my weeping there, exhausted and empty across the leather bucket seats of Dancer's Aston-Martin. I thought I would keep the





car for a while; I knew he wouldn't care, that he probably wouldn't miss it for a long time and then he would know, even if he did not remember my telling him, that someone of us at the party had borrowed it and would bring it back eventually. I had it in my mind that I wanted to go somewhere, but it wasn't till my crying fit was over that I realized where it was. It was then, too, that I knew some-

how wondrously and wordlessly that love has no need of memory to sustain it; that it is there and will always be there, and Chaim did not matter and I didn't count either nor what had happened to us; that each of us would have to run on after love or God or any of the thousand names it is called by, and if we did not have each other for company and solace in the long hurt and job of the darkling hunt, there would be others to help us along after the prey, after love in its triptych blessedness. For a long while, I sat in the car thinking and praying for Chaim, wounded in his mortal wounds, and then I went across to the cafe.

There was no one inside but the counterman, tired and surly after the long night shift, waiting impatiently for his relief, and a darkheaded girl in black slacks, hunched over a cup of coffee. When the man had brought my cup to the end of the counter where I sat, he went sleepily back to his stool by the kitchen door, and once again, very softly, I cried, and when I was through I knew I would not cry anymore over what had happened to my friend; always, in everything I would ever do, it would be with me and in me but I would never have to cry over it again.

Then I felt a shy tap at my shoulder, and when I turned, my face still streaked with hot wet tears, the girl was standing next to me, holding some tissues.

"Thank you," I said thickly, and she went back to her coffee down the counter. "That's all right," I heard her say.

I wiped my face, grateful that she had demanded no explanation nor offered any sympathy, and took a large



swallow of coffee, hot and black. When I glanced sideways, I saw that the girl was watching me, so I looked at her full in the face for the first time. "Thank you," I said again, and she nodded and smiled.

It was her, I recognized with a paralyzed shock; the chick, the girl I had dreamed about as I wandered through the longago pad before I set out to search for Chaim; the evil sleeping chick I had envisioned. Only her hair was different; it was not new-mop white as I had imagined, but blue black, cut squarly and cleanly. Fascinated and excited, I watched her light a cigarette. Yes, it was her; there could be no doubt about it, I thought, it was her.

I didn't know what to do, so I sat for a long time over my empty cup, afraid she would leave before I thought of something to say to her. Finally, I took a deep breath and stood up and walked down the counter still unsure of what I was going to tell her.

"Excuse me," I said, and she turned to look up at me expressionlessly.

"It's all right," she said. "You're welcome. I had plenty.

"Thanks again," I said carefully, "but it isn't that. I wanted to ask you something."

"What?" Her voice was still cordial, but there was a note of wariness in it, and the flesh around her eyes tightened almost imperceptibly.

"I'm--going on a trip," I faltered, speaking very slowly. "A friend of mine--a brother of mine--got hurt very badly and--"

She nodded politely, and looked away, and I took a new tack. Gradually, as I talked, she turned back to look at me, impersonal and cool.

"Look," I said in a rush and tumble of words, "I'm going to find some mountains and stay in them awhile. Up in Idaho or Montana or someplace. I've got a car that belongs to a friend of mine and about five dollars in cash and an old warbag with a change of clothes and some books by Dostoevski and a half-finished novel of my own that may be good some day. On the way to Montana or wherever, I'm going to stop by a little country town called Bee House to see the place where my grandfather is buried." I paused for a moment to see if I had left anything out. "My name

is Pyle Morgan, and yes, they used to call me Pie when I was a kid, but I outgrew it. And what I wanted to ask you was if you would like to go along, up in the mountains...because I would like you to..."

She was silent for a long minute. "Bee House," she said thoughtfully, but I could not tell as I nervously watched her face whether she was pleased or not.

It occurred to me that she might like to think it over, so I showed her through the steamy window where the car was. "I'll wait out there for a few minutes," I told her. "If you decide you don't want to go along, just come to the door and wave. And whatever you do, please don't think I'm kidding or trying to insult you." I left her sitting hunched over her coffee, the same way she had been when I came in.

I was restless in the car, fiddling ceaselessly with the knob on the wheel at first, then calming down and searching under the seats and dash for road maps. I didn't find any maps, but I did find a Sir Walter Raleigh tobacco can, pound size, three-quarters full of mild weed, and I grinned at the sight of it and the thought of Dancer when he missed it. I couldn't see into the cafe because of the steamed windows.

After about twenty minutes, I was thinking of Chaim and Bee House and my grandfather and the grand mountains I would find somewhere when the door opened and the chick stood in it uncertainly for a moment, and then came across the gravel and opened the door and slid smally into the seat next to me.

"My name is Faye," she said with a quick smile. "Faye Hatfield, and yes, I'm not one of those that had the fued." I laughed, beginning to feel drunk with elation. She traced a finger along the dash. "I've never been in any mountains," she said, more seriously. "Through them lots of times in busses and cars, but not to get out and walk around in. And I didn't know there was such a place in the world as Bee House. I think I would..." She didn't finish the sentence, but dug around in her purse, a big leather satchel of a bag, dark and soft from long use, till she found some bills and pressed them in my hand. "It's not much," she said, "but maybe it'll help get us there." I looked

at the money, so pitiful and beautiful and trusting,  
and then I asked her if there was anyplace she wanted to stop first before we left or anyone she wanted to tell goodbye; but she shook her head no. And we sat in silence for a long time before I started the motor, looking at each other in mortal awe and wonder.

grover lewis

## lover

'mm mm mmm mmm umph !  
MM MM MMM MMM UMPH !  
..... MM MMM MMMM UMPH !  
mm mmm mmmm umph !

- Hey chile !

....yeah....

I'm cuttin' dese weeds

down.....

'fo a snake come crawling up.....

in de bed..... wid me.....

I might think it's Sam.....

.....start cussin' him.....

and lay there...

vivian ayers

# no more dimension

The earth had no horizon braoder than my hand,  
No more dimension than this flesh and bone.  
We used to blind the sea and blot out the sun  
Or reach through smooth small stars to hold the night  
Like little stones, like rings of fingered light.  
One night we split the sky apart and touched  
The naked moon.

                                    The earth is bigger now.  
It stretches out on either side  
Too wide to meet the sky. Where opal rings  
were stars and the small moon flowered open  
Near and still as fingers letting fall a shower  
  of stones  
Where near white seas and the warm nights moved,  
  and here  
Where a gull broke the seals of the morning,  
Now the sea is dying.

                                    Nothing stirs.  
Nothing speaks. The earth unstirred is drying,  
Dead, is still. The sea is dying. Nothing moves.  
No wind at all disturbs these ashes; all the fiery stones  
Are black, unbroken, blanker than the sky.  
And I, returning, touch cold sand where we  
Stood rooted in eternity.

                                    This is not I,  
This lost, this leaning ghost, this self,  
This I returning rootless, turning  
And returning to a land not dead nor living,  
To a wrinkled universe of ashes.  
This is not I.

                                    It is a lost, a dreaming self,  
A wan unsleeping shadow turned from me  
To wander isolate beneath the sky,  
To beat upon the granite past and treading there  
The very stones of memory  
Where nothing can assuage a ghost's desire,  
To cry and hear the chilly echoes cry.                                      marjorie farber

# cash wednesday

This day I come  
to wear  
a diadem of faith  
on forehead, chalk  
ash wednesday  
(I have Lent  
my smoking, drinking ways  
to God  
for forty days)  
on face,  
go barefoot and ashamed  
into the temple,  
kneel,  
and check  
the stock quotations.

carl larsen

# laughter-filled room

Hold a starling by the hand,  
Race with a falling leaf,  
Catch the heart of a sunbeam;  
Fill a vacant room with laughter.

Sing with a joyful kitten,  
Dance with a dandelion seed,  
Hide from a moonbeam's silence;  
Fill a vacant room with laughter.

Play with a swaying cattail,  
Press a startled buttercup  
Against the smiling chin  
Of the laughter-filled room.

donald johnson

# paradise lost

Three pennies on the bed,  
I see my son was here.  
He scatters treasures---he,  
His, himself, and all the world  
Is his in him---regard for none,  
As if the source were endless,  
As, indeed, it is.

Yet we live---and must---with  
Those people and these customs.  
All regard THEY are, and fearful, fearful  
Of  
    these people and those customs, and  
    this world, and  
    hereandnowandnextweek (and last week).

    The mother, me, must  
Hurry him into the house (gasp, giggle, whisper)  
To make his glorious fountain, "Like Daddy!",  
In the proper place, the proper way.  
I can cry Unfair (gathering up the pennies  
To go in the bank which is his it says here)  
But I am fearful, too.

Why must it be my hand  
That sets out boundaries?  
Why teach him to m-e-t-e and appoint his treasure?  
(Assuming there is any left when the course is ended)

Listen, fearful whisper, people, customs;  
The joy of his fountain  
Is more precious than pennies,  
And nothing gets saved this way,  
Probably, not even pennies.

b.z. wilkinson

# lightnin'



Lightnin' Hopkins is a Negro. He plays the blues and he plays them without regard for the world of jazz which has developed out of the blues in the last fifty years.

Lightnin' Hopkins is a primitive. His ankles bear the deep white indentations which witness swells, reminders of a chain gang.

Lightnin' Hopkins is a legend, a living legend who plays the juke joints of midnight Houston for dislocated brethren who daytimes deny their heritage of funky humanity. Lightnin' gives them a link with the lousy but thoroughly undeniable past.

Lightnin' Hopkins plays an electric guitar at a clapboard and pine juke joint called Irene's after the smiling fat lady who bet her whorehouse savings here and won.

Lightnin' brings them across the railroad tracks

and out of the gerimandered wards along the bayous and freeways of Houston to his temple, brings them dancing the million dances of the neon world of black America to his temple of the lost past and the irremediable present.

And always it is the blues that Lightnin' plays. A few of us feys like the blues. We seek the elemental greatness of being, to live ourselves through another race and time; to wash away the sin of being too much ideas and not enough person.

Lightnin' is the man who personifies the jazz idiom which haunts us all, all who lust for reality.

He's a small, dried-up witch doctor; looks like 48 years of cheap booze and allnightcrapgames; looks like the country boy ill at ease in the city, a curiosity to the urbanites shrilly absorbed in black babbitttry.

He has gained a certain measure of fame singing the country blues which he has put together out of the odds and ends of his consciousness, out of the lament of every poor bastard who has ever sung his pain within hearing in the native, cottonoppressed days of home in Leon County, eversodeepEastTexas.

Two hundred records ago Lightnin' got famous but not rich at 20 bucks a side. He became a black ward celebrity in Houston and they stop him in the street to ask for a little touch of geetar, a few bucks till payday, a brilliant sunglass smile.

Houston's hep spades dig Charley Parker and have nouse for Uncle Toms from the chain gangs. But the cats who haven't got eyes for Bird give Lightnin' and Irene their beer money.

Now Lightnin' is a harddrinkinggambler and a lady's man but keeps his eyes open. Yes, Mr. Hopkins picks up quite carefully on the phantasmal Saturday night world he croons of.

And he sits in the beerjoint, a sardonic smile on that witchman's face, an amused daddy watching it all, tilts the everpresent sunglasses for a better view, lets the old felt hat fall into kinkyhaired obscurity, pours the sweet acid of the blues around him.

But behind the throaty sob there sits a silent man, picking up, watching it all, judging not at all, a silent black mirror to the beer parlor magic of midnight.

And far away they hear of Lightnin' in Boston and London and New York. And the critics rave. And don't know what the hell they're talking about.

john bryan





Benjamin

## tribute 3: to laura

Now you are a misshapen  
twink of ash in my heart's  
dark ruthless fire,

and you  
are what I dreamed and feared  
when I first learned for certain  
that we die.

and now you are  
a passionate memory's milking  
of some hidden mystic pulse  
that sobs behind my glands.

\* \* \*

and you are that  
baroque fantasm love  
that  
shook my mind my soul my lowest  
parts my whole reserve  
and  
branded this parcel of unspent  
days somehow much cheaper,  
indescribably less dear  
than half their number—  
if only you were here.

**william corrington**

# préface à mon fils

Flat out, the jealous winds  
arrow down the Vega curve,  
a whimper in the vox stellarum,  
so many thistles of night,  
deaf in the opaque of centuries.

But I shadow myself a loft,  
my song an etch on the return sea,  
my explosion a cement  
in the final vein of leaf,  
my image reflected in dust.

Swift, the compulsions of ciphers,  
invisibles in the wispy of brain;  
the uncomposeables of psalms,  
the acrid musk of neurons,  
all terrible in my distant plenum eye,  
and I worry,  
a dark of weeping in the young face of my rivers,  
    I worry;  
    to a tangle of drumbeats,  
        only mental now,  
            too lonely a spiral  
                in all the year songs of earth  
several million moments  
    from the end.

jory sherman



# COLLAGE

by discovery of the rules it is possible to fill this space in the form you wish. you can then observe or not observe the rules as you choose. fill yourself into two arms, make the arms grow fingers, make the fingers burn. you can put your ear to a piece of wood and can, if represented correctly, assume the position best suited to your disposition, retain those impressions for any length of time or not at all or both at the same time. it can be done as a group effort if required. but never be bored. the wood can be ignited, scratched, nailed, sawed, painted, sanded, scraped, splintered, hit, cut, polished, stained, spit on, put on your elbow, sat on, stick in your mouth, hold in front of a light, carry in your pocket for a week. lose when you forget it, think about it when you are supposed to think about something else, spread peanut butter on it, make into many pieces and do many things with each piece, each piece can be broken down into smaller parts and then glued back together. you can make it sing, you can let it listen to sounds that you make, sounds you don't make, you can walk out a door with it and then nail it above the door. you can twist it, you can give it to another person, another person can put it in a box and mail it to himself, another person could throw it away, another person could burn it to ashes and send the ashes to you, you could take the ashes and rub them on a table, you could send the table to a museum and call it mary, you could write fuck i have no ears on the table. people could say that's not art. people could say he's trying to put something over on the public. people could say that's a ham sandwich.

people could say i never went there because it frightened me. people could say i am going to die tomorrow. people could say my shoes make me happy and it makes me cream...but all the while you could be asleep in a bathtub, your mother could be in the hallway washing chickens and throwing electric razors out the window, the closet could be slowly filling up with strawberry preserves, the rug could be lying on the floor, sunlight through the venetian blinds...and the chairs still where you remembered them, the furniture has not changed, the pillows were in another room now and the flowered wallpaper had been painted white and there was a smell of bacon. this was not extraordinary. the extraordinary thing was the lamp on the table. the lamp had always been turned on at 5:30 in the winter and 8 o'clock during the summer months. i finished my lunch while watching the lamp. it had an electric cord attached to it which went to a plug in the wall. i ate a bowl of consomme, crackers, a glass of milk, an olive. the lamp had a lampshade on it. it was four thirty in the afternoon of december thirteenth, 1960 so the lamp had not been turned on. now, i am going to tell you why it was so extraordinary to be in that room with the lamp as i had remembered it being ever since we had moved there. i had been eating for about three or four minutes when i heard, clearly and distinctly, from the ceiling above my head the sound of radio static, i immediately turned around in my chair as fast as possible in time to see the door behind me and a bowl of flowers on a mahogany table next to it. at the same time my left foot moved involuntarily to the right. i thought of the lamp, a movie theater, flowers in a shoe and at the very same moment swallowed an olive. i've told this story to many people. not many have believed me. i have been ridiculed, laughed at. people i considered lifelong friends avoided me when they saw me in the street. i was no longer invited to parties...and the few friends i had would only feel safe to visit me late in the night hours. at those times we would sit in my bedroom talking, listening to music and watching the leaves flutter through the wall.

bruce conner



portrait of an american in china

benny bufano

# regenesis

I felt keen waves break over me inside  
your flesh: our tide of blood burst maidenhood,  
sped forth that fresh sweet sap of sex in sharp  
reflex--and so we died together, drowned  
in sweat and sound of love's high tide, and slept  
clad only in our nakedness against  
that night; our pulses pearled the worm and whirled  
downward--between pale stars and oystershells--  
like hermit-crabs seeking the veined vortex  
and empty channels of the world.

At dawn

I felt you softly gather at the core  
as still earth rises nourishing the root,  
and deep as rain-seep into salty sea;  
we crept like lung-fish up that sloping shore,  
gained legs and breathed an air reborn, and rose  
to watch a flight of pigeons from our roof  
and see the apple blossom at our door.

bruce woodford



the way to review a play and keep everybody  
happy but me:

I'm happy to say I know the drama critic Serlige v.  
what weakens this play, he told me, is the actors  
and the author.

how about the audience?

they came in weak.

we had a drink at intermission and kept right on going.  
the place had been full of fleas and I had an intolerable  
desire to scratch, something like the childhood urge to  
masturbate. we hailed a cab instead. the driver was  
all skin and bones.

I'm a writer, he told us.

we leaped out at the next signal.

why do you live in Hollywood? Serlige v. asked.

why do you live? I asked Serlige v.

we stood at Hollywood and Vine trading punches while  
they applauded act 3, scene one. the next day in  
the paper he gave the whole play a brilliant review,  
and I had slept on his living room rug and met his  
tigress wife and heard the springs rattle in his bed-  
room, and the clouds spit blood and I masturbated  
and the newspapers rained nonsense for a week.

charles bukowski



It had been less than three minutes since the last customer had left when the woman heard the knock on the door. It was a soft, polite knock. She thought how different it was from the other knocks. It wasn't unusual for them to just barge in, confident with booze.

The knock came again, louder this time but still polite.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened slowly, hesitantly, revealing a thin young man, tall and blond, still carrying traces of his adolescent pimples.

"Come in," the woman repeated. "I won't bite you."

She thought that he couldn't be over nineteen. He seemed frightened.

The young man entered the room and closed the door. He walked across and sat down on a wooden chair beside the bed and in front of the small table which held the woman's cigarettes and lighter. A table lamp gave the only dim light.

As the young man stared at the woman under the

grey bedsheet, he started to speak, stopped, then reached into his shirt pocket for a cigarette.

"Relax, honey. You're all right. What's your name?"

"John," said the young man. "What's yours?"

"Mine? Oh, just call me Carmen. That's as good as any, I suppose. I like Carmen. Do you like it, Johnny?"

"Yes, it's a pretty name," he replied inhaling. The smoke still poured from his nostrils when he took another drag.

"I've never seen you here before, Johnny."

"I've never been here before. I've never been in a...well, a..."

"A whore house? Is that the word? Say it. Say you've never been in a whore house before."

She laughed lightly, with the faintest tinge of bitterness.

"Believe me, Johnny, I know what it is. You don't have to be afraid to say it. Whore house, whore house, whore house. You see? It's easy. How did you happen to come here tonight?"

"Well, you see I'm in the Navy and I just got out of boot camp and I'm home on leave and some of the fellows that I know thought it would be a good idea and you see..."

"But you didn't think it was such a good idea, did you, Johnny?"

"Well, no, I guess I didn't. But they all wanted to come, so I came with them."

"How old are you, Johnny?"

"Twenty-two."

"How old are you, Johnny?"

"Well, almost twenty-one."

"Really, it doesn't make any difference. I'm just curious. Eighteen?"

"And three months."

"Where are you going when your leave is over?"

"I'll catch a destroyer at Norfolk, Virginia. I guess I'll be going all over."

"Well, Johnny, time flies. Do you want to do what you came here for?"

"I guess so, unless you don't want to. We don't

have to if you don't want to. It's not really that important to me."

"Have you been with a girl before, Johnny, in bed I mean?"

"Oh, sure," he lied. "Lots of times."

"Don't you like it?"

"Yes, I like it. It's just that I'm not really in the mood, I guess."

"Take off your clothes, Johnny, and get in bed. I'll get you in the mood."

"Okay," he said, standing up and unbuttoning his shirt.

She noticed a tattoo on his right arm. It was the standard one, an anchor and the letters "USN." It was so new that the scabs still lay upon it.

He removed his T-shirt, unbuckled his belt and then stopped, staring at her.

"What is it, Johnny? What's wrong?"

"I wonder if you'd mind turning off the light?"

"Not at all."

She reached over and switched off the table lamp.

In the darkness he removed his trousers and shorts, then, trembling with anticipation and fear, pulled back the sheet.

charles mitchell

## how it's done

(-Lady DAY! -)

Abolish the pride of doing.

It is no wonder that churches are built underground,  
nearer to heat - the source of glass.

Hoard mirrors.

FIRST:           the liquid color. Blood glue thick with  
dust. (-LICK IT!    It tastes of linseed oil, peanut  
beards. -WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH IT!)   Inspect  
your shit for red glue colors, for colors of citric  
pastes, for old drug tints, for embryos (Big EYE!)

Ad infiniti Te Dum

INSPECT: Go to town with MAGnifying glass.  
Beneath each rock, the crawling cycles. Silverfish,  
book bug; cockroach, bug of fiction; potatobug, the  
doppleganger's bug; ladybug, bug of the poet; hornet,  
song bug

Ad inspectum Isis insectum

CONCEIVE: Go to town with busted lyre. Tune it  
with fan forks plucked from rare bird ass-rings.  
Approach the Monolith. Force his cement being down  
& stipple his mouth shut with piano wire (-Stitch  
crosswise,) & sing to him.  
Sing of Illy's Kingdom of the Koreh; sing of Solomon's  
dialtone chant; sing of parchment stained by monksnot;  
sing of conception, of song yet sung - sustained by  
fissure in the sun's core

Ad infante Adio Add ed

REJECT: Roll down your jock, unroll your parts,  
reveal sworls of pubus erectus; roll down your tongue;  
roll out your navel; out with the innards; in with  
the outtards; -down & out thru the muck & swamp silk  
tongues; froth; bubble; -Fall out to God; -Fall up  
to Love; freefall

Ad ixnyx Tempurate

CONTINUE: Endure with the seasons & do not create them.  
Be loon freak above shattered lake. Believe in endurance  
even before Death. Be late. Be leaf

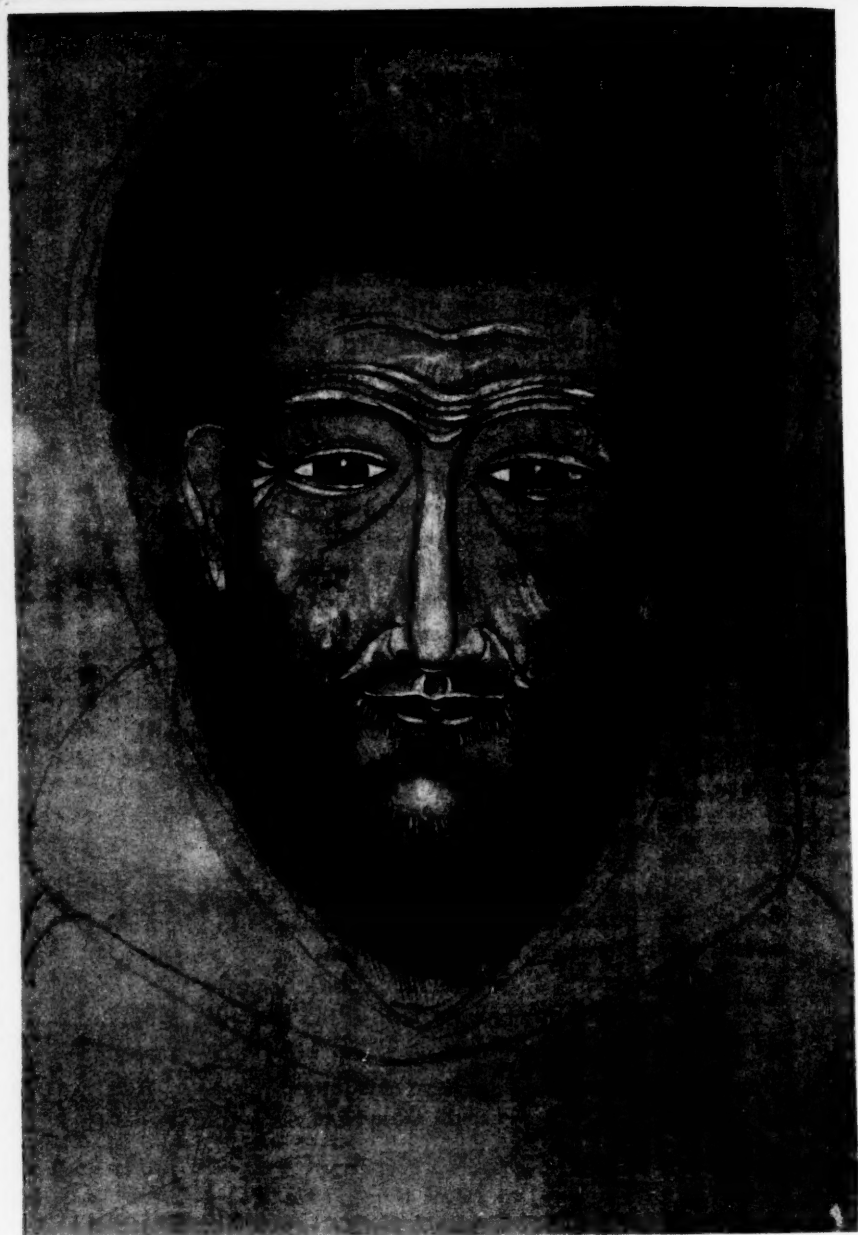
Ad Noxium Lobdichommatry

Of such impersonal nature the knowing of self.  
Of such erudition, textured stuffing: - a poem  
for all holes. It must be used as such.

Ad ambi Dexytrum / Thelonium Borus

\* \* \*

david meltzer



early sketch, st. francis - 78 - benny bufano

## ...writers **...contributors**

vivian ayers--publisher of hawk press in houston, texas.

john bryan--co-editor of "renaissance," former editor of "gusher," journalist and jazz writer.

charles bukowski--much published los angeles poet. wrote "flower, first and bestial wail."

william corrington--teacher at louisiana state university. much published in little magazines.

george hitchcock--associate editor of "the san francisco review." accomplished actor-playwright.

donald farnham johnson--well known west coast poet.

albert lannon, jr.--joined in city hall protest. this is his introduction to print.

carl larsen--best known for his contributions to new york's "7 poets press."

grover lewis--founded and co-edited the "coexistence review." teaches philosophy. presently working on a novel.

david meltzer--writes of himself, "he wears medals of various ss hammer-groups of poetry. 2 books of poetry published."

jack micheline--one of new york's better known experimental poets.

vassar miller--one of the southwest's best poets. overcame serious handicaps to write.

charles mitchell--from detroit. now in san francisco.  
his career..."writing, living."

michael o'donoghue--co-editor of "renaissance" who  
says he'll remain a "victorian."

jory sherman--the prolific san franciscan who wrote "so  
many rooms."

b.z. wilkinson--a newcomer to the quarterlies. he lives  
in san antonio, texas.

bruce woodford--much published indiana poet.

...artists

bill bates--creator of the cartoon "ping" whose hobby  
is sketching jazz musicians.

benny bufano--a sculptor whose statues are landmarks  
in san francisco but whose drawings are seldom  
seen.

bruce conner--a "far out" collagist whose writing carries  
the spirit equally well.

michael fender--san francisco art institute student. art  
editor of "renaissance."

mel fowler--one of this city's most versatile creative  
personalities. the works seen here are part  
of recent illustrations he has done of ovid.

margaret pow-le seigneur--has lived, worked and stud-  
ied in paris, amsterdam and merikish. making a  
wide reputation now in san francisco.

carla lopez--at 18 a frequent exhibitor in san francisco  
galleries. has won three scholarships recently.



I have the King of Cornwall for my rival  
And must plot against his sorcery.  
Dreams, dreams, all dreams---  
Yet in the moonlight of her sleep  
She wakes, arises, and on the full flood  
And great outpouring of his song  
Rides with him.

While I,  
Like a warrior in an old print,  
Spear in my side and my shield useless,  
Fall before his magic.

For in that  
Cold country he has dominion  
And slays all trespassers.

-- Dreams, all dreams,  
Yet still will I be overthrown by dreams  
Till in my armory

I beat out sword  
And spear and casque  
Immune to sorcery.

Therefore out of scraps of song  
Will I create a tournament:  
And I shall bring to the lists there,  
Mounted on an Arabian white stallion  
With wine-red and ice-blue pennons,  
A warrior who shall slay the King of Cornwall.

Then shall I enter that pavilion  
Of her dreams and slay his monuments  
As well. His rings, his potions  
Shall be spilt before me, his ikons  
Trampled on the rush-strewn floor.

And into that pavilion on my right arm  
Shall I carry the hooded hawk of dreams;  
And in my left hand I will bear  
A mirror into which (if she but look)  
She'll see Isolde there.

t  
h  
e  
  
r  
i  
v  
a  
l  
s

george hitchcock

200



